The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1915.

Summary of the News

The reply of the German Government, dated July 8, to the American note of June 10 was published in the morning papers of last Saturday. The contents of the note may roughly be divided into two parts. The first, obviously intended for home consumption, consists of an elaborate eulogy of German humanity and the familiar attribution to England of the entire responsibility for the sinking of the Lusitania; the second part contains proposals by which the German Government will, under certain stringent conditions, "permit" citizens of the United States to travel in the war zone with comparative safety. Comment on this curious document will be found in our editorial columns. With the exception of the German-American newspapers, the press of the country is virtually united in the opinion that the latest German note is utterly unsatisfactory. One extraordinarily naïve suggestion, which has the appearance of being officially inspired, was made in press dispatches from Berlin on Monday. It was that a solution of the difficulty might be found by the German Government's placing at the disposal of the United States for passenger traffic certain German steamships now lying in American ports, which should be allowed to fly the American flag for the duration of the war.

Despite Germany's official contention that it is impossible for submarines, in the rôle of commerce-destroyers, to observe the ordinarily accepted rules of civilized warfare, it is gratifying to note that the practice of giving warning to ships before attack has continued during the past few days to be the rule instead of, as formerly, the exception. Since we wrote last week news has been received of the sinking of only eight ships: four British, of which two were trawlers; two Russian, one Italian, and one French. So far as can be ascertained, only in the case of one of the Russian ships, the Leo, the sinking of which was reported in Tuesday's papers, was the warning omitted. As a consequence eleven lives were lost. If the reports of this case which are available as we write may be accepted as true, the offence of the German submarine was aggravated by the fact that it compelled, under threat of destruction, an American bark, the Normandy, to act as a screen while it prepared for the attack on the Russian ship. The Cunard liner Orduna, on her voyage from New York to Liverpool, was chased for three hours by a submarine, but escaped. Interesting statistics of Liverpool shipping were published on July 8. According to this dispatch, since the beginning of the submarine blockade, nearly 20,000 vessels have entered or left the port of Liverpool, and of these only twenty-nine have been destroyed.

Interest in the future action of Rumania and of the Balkan states generally is revived by dispatches from Berlin and Bucharest, under date of Monday, asserting that definite offers of territory have been made to Rumania by Austria-Hungary and that a time-limit of one month has been set for Rumania's decision. According to the dispatches alternative proposals have been made, the one set requiring in return only a guarantee of continued Rumanian neutrality and increased facilities for the transportation of munitions from Germany to Turkey; the other set, naturally more generous in scope, demanding Rumanian participation in the war on the side of the Teutonic Allies and Turkey.

The suit brought by minority stockholders to recover $102,000,000 from former and present directors of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad was dismissed by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts on July 8.

It was announced on Tuesday that Thomas A. Edison had accepted the invitation of Secretary of the Navy Daniels to head an advisory board of civilian inventors and engineers for a Bureau of Invention and Development which is to be created in the Navy Department.

A severe storm, attaining the dimensions of a tornado, swept over Cincinnati and its vicinity on the night of July 7. Twenty-seven persons were killed and a large amount of damage was done to property.

The Government last week took definite action in regard to numerous reports that the wireless station at Sayville under its German control has been used for unneutral purposes, and that in spite of the censorship a way has been found to send messages containing information of military value. No confirmation of the reports has been published, but as the best means of securing the wireless station from unneutral use the control of the plant was on July 9 taken over by the Navy Department, with the acquiescence, it is stated from Washington, of the German Government.

The man Holt, or Muenter, who attempted to assassinate J. P. Morgan and placed the bomb in the Capitol at Washington, committed suicide in Mineola jail on the night of July 6. The circumstances under which it was possible for him to destroy himself remain, to say the least of it, obscure, and, it is understood, are to be the subject of what one may hope will be a searching inquiry. The somewhat tardy testimony of certain professors, one of whom at least had recognized the fellow when he was at Cornell, have established beyond doubt the identity of Holt with Muenter, the former instructor of Harvard, who was suspected of having poisoned his wife.

With his death, unfortunately, Muenter's career as a would-be assassin was not terminated. A letter addressed to his wife disclosed the fact that he had placed a bomb on a ship that was to sail from New York on July 3, and the bomb, it was stated in the letter, was timed to explode on July 7. Warning was sent by wireless to vessels within reach, and on Saturday of last week news was received that the Minnehaha was returning to Halifax with a fire in one of her holds caused by an explosion. The ship was laden with explosives for the Allies and carried no passengers. The explosion, however, occurred in a hold in which the general cargo was stored. The fire was controlled, and, after her return to Halifax, the Minnehaha resumed her voyage to England on Sunday. Whether Muenter acted alone or not remains to be discovered. The incident of the Minnehaha has at any rate served to bring to light the fact that unexploded bombs have recently been discovered on at least four other ships carrying munitions to the Allies from this country. On Monday was published a letter addressed to the *Times-Picayune* of New Orleans and signed by "Pearce"—the name affixed to the epistles which Muenter wrote to Washington papers explaining his exploit in the Capitol—in which the writer avowed partnership with Muenter and the intention of carrying on the dead man's work.

It is not expected that the situation in Mexico will be materially modified by the capture of Mexico City by Carranzista forces, under Gen. Gonzales, on July 10. As we write, there are reports that Villa in his turn has sent a large body of troops south and is again threatening the capital. To meet the Villista forces, it is thought, it may be necessary for Gonzales to evacuate the city and move northward, in which case the city would be exposed to attack by the forces of Zapata.

It was officially announced on Tuesday that subscriptions to the British war loan had reached a total of nearly £600,000,000.

Announcement was made in Pretoria on July 9 that Gen. Botha had accepted the surrender of all the German military forces in German Southwest Africa. A force, it is stated, will now be sent from South Africa to participate in the main operations of the war. The House of Commons on Tuesday voted its thanks to Gen. Botha, Gen. Smuts, and the forces of the Union of South Africa upon the successful conclusion of the campaign.

That portion of the English press which is controlled by Lord Northcliffe, supported by a certain section in the House of Commons, continues to give an unedifying exhibition of disunion. Mr. Lloyd George on July 7 issued a statement in reply to Lord Haldane's speech at the National Liberal Club on July 5 in which he defended Major-Gen. von Donop, chief of the Ordnance Department. Mr. Lloyd George characterized Lord Haldane's remarks on that occasion as "incomplete and in some respects inaccurate." The general opinion in England seems to be that Lord Haldane was possibly indiscreet and that Mr. Lloyd George failed to mend matters by his statement. In the House of Commons on Monday Mr. Asquith was asked a number of questions in regard to the failure of the late Government to solve the problem of munitions, all of which he refused to answer, on the ground that it was not in the public interest that the matter should be discussed at this time. Meanwhile, Mr. Lloyd George's efforts as Minister of Munitions are apparently meeting with success. In two weeks 90,000 workmen have been enrolled, and Lord Kitchener, in an important speech at the Guildhall on July 9, declared that the question of munitions was being dealt with in a satisfactory manner.

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The Week

A French writer, George Bourdon, has recently published a book which he entitles "The German Enigma." He would find more material for it in the reply of the German Government to the two American notes. Take the Lusitania issue. The sinking of that ship, with the consequent loss of American lives, was plainly stated by President Wilson to be an act in direct violation of international law and in flagrant disregard of American rights. He called upon the German Government to disavow it, to make reparation, "so far as reparation is possible for injuries which are without measure," and to "prevent the recurrence of anything so obviously subversive" of the laws of war. To all this, what does von Jagow reply? He does not, indeed, venture again to set up the defence which he attempted in his note of May 28, namely, that the Lusitania was "armed." That she was, our Government categorically denied, and called for the German evidence, if there was any. Is it now produced? Not at all. The German Foreign Office has not a scintilla of proof for its former assertion. It merely indulges in general charges about all British merchantmen, and coolly lays all the blame for the killing of the Lusitania's passengers upon "the manner of conducting war employed by our adversaries." There is also a kind of intimation that the Lusitania ought, in decency, to have remained above water longer after being torpedoed, as if this in any way freed the commander of the German submarine from the responsibility for the direct consequences of his lawless act. In all this, evidently, there is no word of disavowal, no offer of reparation, no guarantee for the future. The reply, in this matter, is no reply at all. It is nothing but an evasion.

Much the same must be said of the other great point in controversy. The American Government had squarely asserted the right to trade freely on the high seas, without regard to any illegally declared "war zone," and also the right of Americans to travel in safety on merchantmen, whether under a neutral or a belligerent flag. This was stated at length and with much solemnity in the note of June 9, which closed by asking "assurances" from the German Government that it would "adopt the measures necessary to put these principles into practice." Does the German reply do this? In no way whatever that can be called satisfactory. It does, indeed, undertake to sink no American ships, provided they carry special markings and the German Government is notified in advance of their coming, and also provided our Government will "guarantee" that they have no contraband on board. The inference is that if they have contraband in their cargo, passengers and crew will be sent to the bottom without warning. This is such an entire misconception or perversion of the contentions of our Government as to be really more offensive than would have been a blunt refusal to consider our protests at all. So of the other conditions which the German reply undertakes to lay down for the use of the high seas by Americans. After our Government had affirmed in the strongest language the indefeasible right of Americans to travel freely, in what passenger ships they pleased, this attempt of the German reply to hedge that right about, with the air of making benevolent concessions, is something worse than pettifogging. It cannot be acquiesced in for a moment.

"It is ridiculous to suppose that Muenter was incited to his actions by any Germans in this country or in Germany, as has been hinted at in several newspaper reports," says Professor Münsterberg. No doubt he is right. But if, in point of fact, Muenter *had* been incited to his actions by Germans in this country or in Germany, we should like the learned professor to explain in just what respect those Germans would have been more guilty than was the German Government itself in bringing about the murder of the passengers on the Lusitania. Of all the actions of Muenter, real or pretended, none is regarded as more atrocious than his alleged setting of an infernal machine upon a transatlantic passenger steamer. But if that bomb had actually exploded, and caused a massacre of innocent non-combatants, would it not have been justifiable on precisely the same principle as that which is appealed to in justification of the Lusitania slaughter? There is no law of war, or law of nations, that makes it any more permissible to sink a merchant ship, without warning, by a torpedo from the outside than by a bomb from the inside. If the plea that "Germany is fighting for her life" suffices in the one case, it suffices in the other; nor do we see any form of outrage or barbarism which that plea, if admitted, would fail to cover with its immunity.

Members of the Social-Democratic party in Germany—now virtually the only Opposition in the Reichstag—are more and more finding their voices. They have their differences. There is a "minority" and a "majority." But whatever their divisions, they agree in this—that no peace should be sought which is not permanent, and that no permanent peace is possible if it involves forcible annexations of territory. This has been the bold position of the *Vorwärts*. It is held by both factions of the Socialists. The official head of the majority group reaffirms it in a dispatch from Berlin to the New York *Times*. He declares that "the entire Social Democracy is against a war of conquest." One of the more radical, or minority, leaders, Dr. Ernest Meyer, goes further. In addition to opposing annexations of foreign land, since they would imperil any peace based upon them, he would remove another direct cause of war—huge military preparations. "We desire," he affirms, "general disarmament and security against another disastrous war through far-reaching international agreements." This is a noteworthy utterance. And it finds echo in other countries. The more prolonged this war promises to be, the more awful its losses, the more dubious any decisive outcome by sheer force of arms, the more pervasive is the feeling that the world must take steps to insure itself against another catastrophe so appalling. Militarism is now having its most gigantic and frightful display. But as it goes on piling up the corpses of its victims and spreading its miseries as wide as the earth, there is a dawning hope that it will expire of its own supreme efforts and supreme hideousness.

It is such an aspiration that is keeping life and courage in the hearts of many in the titanic struggle itself, and of thousands who watch it breathlessly from afar. No one has given more poignant expression to this larger hope of civilization than Anatole France. A collection of his letters and other writings on the war has just been issued in Paris, the work to be sold for the benefit of crippled French soldiers. In its pages it is interesting to note how all the habitual cynicisms and ironies of M. France fall away from him. He is simply the master of a great style pouring out his soul in sad sincerity. He is a Frenchman, first of all, but he is also a Socialist, writing to his "confrère" Mr. Walling, of New York, and a man whose heart is filled with the love of all that is beautiful in civilization. And it is as a champion of mankind and one who, even in his old age, looks forward to securities for the future, that he expresses his deep longing for a

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peace that shall be strong, radiant, and enduring. But for this very reason he sets his face like a flint against any talk of peace before the German armies are out of France and out of Belgium. With Anatole France, too, the great desire is not the crushing of Germany, but the extinction of the threat of militarism. The conflict has been precipitated upon France, and she is making the most cruel sacrifices; but she must persist, at whatever cost, until the next generation is freed from the fear and the peril that have haunted this one. Till that is made sure, any Frenchman who speaks of peace is, according to M. France, a traitor at once to his country and to civilization.

Edison's appointment is not as "head of a Navy Test Board," as certain headlines seem to announce, but simply as chief adviser to the Bureau of Invention and Development of which the Navy Department announces the creation. The prominence his name has received in connection with this Bureau already justifies one aim frankly avowed by Secretary Daniels in employing him. "Our chances of getting the public interested in and back of the project will be enormously increased if we can have, at the start, some man whose inventive genius is recognized by the whole world to assist in consultation." While such advertisement is useful, it appears that the Department has regularly been receiving from officers from three to five suggestions daily as to possible improvements in vessels, equipment, and yards. Mr. Edison and his expert civilian associates may prove of great value in developing mere hints into striking inventions; their connection with the Bureau will encourage outsiders to submit ideas for naval innovations; and the Bureau itself should take much better care of merely routine proposals than they have heretofore received. The United States has peculiar reason for encouraging its future Ericssons, Eadses, Maurys, and Lakes. At the same time, it is encouraging to find both Daniels and Edison taking the stand that enterprise and efficiency may be substitutes for enormous expenditure, and that a period of changing naval horizons is one for deliberate study of new problems, not for hasty action.

The Japanese have us at their mercy now, for the attention of the vigilant Hobson is distracted by a domestic plot. He calls it a "plan," but no soft words can disguise its ominousness. Like all deep-laid schemes, this one is alarming by its very simplicity. First, the President is to be renominated in spite of the one-term plank adopted at Baltimore. Mr. Bryan, the author of the plank, is to join in this infamous proceeding. Secondly, taking warning from the Convention that nominated him in 1912, Wilson is to write the platform of 1916 himself. Thirdly, he will put into that platform a plank binding the Democratic party to leave the question of prohibition entirely to the States. The courage that is required to reveal this conspiracy is appreciated by no one more than by Mr. Hobson, who is uncertain only whether his act means political murder or political suicide for him. As he is at present an ex-Congressman, having been defeated in his own State in his candidacy for the Senate upon the issue of prohibition, he seems to mean that he is threatened not with political death, but with political non-resurrection. Even so, it is easy to understand his excitement; but why does he not take the one sure course of defeating the plot? Instead of asking the President to sign the pledge—which he would have done for his late Secretary of State much sooner than for the Alabamian—let him throw a shell into the Wilson camp by announcing that unless the conspiracy is at once abandoned, he will prevent the renomination of the President, though at the sacrifice of accepting the nomination himself.

Just to prevent disappointment, the Colonel gives fair warning, as he boards the train for California, that he is not setting out to fire the Progressive heart. In order that there may be no mistake about his attitude, he administers a preliminary chill to that much-tried organ. "Any decent Republican" is now his slogan—unless Publicity Manager Payne is sadly in error. This shows what a great consoler is Time. Two years ago, no member of the gang that stole the precious nomination deserved a decent man's patience. Only a party Progressive could hope for honest men's votes in 1916. A year ago, keen eyes and a softer heart could discern a remnant among the Republican rascals from which something might be expected. To-day, the remnant consists of the thieves, while the mass of the Republicans are once more as white as snow. The next stage of the development is already in sight. How long will it be before the Colonel's closest friends put into plain words the invitation, "Give us anybody who can beat Wilson"? As Wilson is "a second Buchanan," and as the Colonel is a second Lincoln—both statements are made on the highest authority—we have a little lesson in logic from the Oyster Bay primer that is not at all hard. Mind you, the Colonel has not gone back to the Republican party: "He believes that it is not a time for men to worry about political ties"—especially about Progressive ties.

For Mr. Bryan merely to announce his adherence to the cause of woman suffrage would have been far too tame. So he lifted it towards the pseudo-sublime by adding the explanation that he had not joined the suffrage forces before because he had been too busy with other subjects, *it being his policy not to take up questions until they were capable of solution.* What a practical statesmanship is here! Now we understand his long hesitation over the question of Government ownership of railways. Mere politicians might propose half-way measures, like Interstate Commerce Commissions, but the real statesman waited until the railway question became capable of solution and then announced the solution. Having solved that problem, he pressed onward to others. If his countrymen were too stupid to accept the solution, why, there it was at their disposal whenever they might have better judgment. So with free silver. Whenever the country gets tired of dallying with the financial problem and makes up its mind to solve it once and for all, there is Bryan's answer, right in the back of the book. If he gives the impression of abandoning one problem after another, that is not his fault. Why should Euclid keep on demonstrating one theorem to an incredulous crowd when all the other problems were waiting for him?

The latest development in the Colorado situation gives promise of bringing to an issue that part of the mining-troubles which is perhaps of gravest interest to the people of the United States. As to the merits and demerits of the struggle so long carried on between mine-owners and mine-workers, it seems almost hopeless to come to any clear conclusion; but the question whether or not the whole system of the administration of justice had become corrupted by the power of the capitalists ought to be capable of decision. And it is upon this question that the charges brought in the District Court at Trinidad last week bear in the strongest possible way. They are presented in connection with the trial, some time ago, of John R. Lawson, a member of the national executive board of the United Mine Workers of America. Lawson was convicted of murder in the first degree, in connection with the fighting at Ludlow; and in the charges now made in court accusations

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of the most atrocious interference with the jury are brought against the bailiff in whose custody it was. How much more than this will be, or has been, charged in the proceedings, we cannot say; but writers apparently responsible and competent have made, in the public press, accusations of far more sweeping and fully as serious character. It is a matter of genuine concern, not only for Colorado, but for the nation, that the truth of the whole matter be established; and there ought to be such focussing of public attention on the subject as shall give promise of bringing about this result.

If the Federal Government is to institute a system of rural credits, the proposal to settle the unemployed on Government land with easy-payment loans advanced by the United States is logical enough. If the Government is to steer clear of a complex and dangerous field, and try instead to stimulate the various States to enact rural credit measures, all cognate schemes for sending city workers to the farms had much better be left to State agencies. Washington dispatches declare that an inter-departmental committee appointed by Secretaries Lane and Wilson is now at work on a plan "operating through the Department of Labor, which would enable workers in congested cities to take up agricultural land on Government reclamation projects, or public lands," with use of public money. In such attempts the Federal Government has an advantage in its possession of huge tracts of open land. The States, as the investigations of the Massachusetts Homestead Commission have shown, would usually have to search out and purchase waste land. But for their ability to handle loans and instruct would-be farmers more intimately, local agencies are greatly to be preferred; the Government could surely arrive at some agreement with the Western States—where rural credits are most needed—whereby funds could be advanced to needy homesteaders brought from Eastern and Central centres. Through the Federal Employment Bureau some supervision might be maintained. While too serious attention cannot be directed towards the questions of rural credits and unemployment, both offer problems better to be solved by the commonwealths than by the nation.

The plea of guilty promptly made by seven of the 131 men indicted in Indianapolis for election frauds will be taken as an indication of the likelihood of a cleaning up for the capital of the State such as that by which Terre Haute has recently benefited. National Committeeman Taggart and Mayor Bell show their realization of the moral effect of these pleas by disavowing any acquaintance with the guilty seven. In this assertion they will be believed, as they will be held innocent of any wrongdoing until they are proved to be not innocent. But they can hardly be unaware of the reasons why the public finds satisfaction in the fact that, in these cases as in those at Terre Haute, men "higher up" are to be tried along with the obscure. It is not easy to see why mere clerks and judges of election, especially of primary elections, should tamper with the ballot-boxes and even resort to physical violence without some hint from above or at least the knowledge that such procedure would be welcomed by those whose fortunes it furthered. And it is these men, however few they may be, far more than the mass of the guilty, that the ordinary citizen would like to see caught. Some of them were caught at Terre Haute; and the country will hope that the same success may attend the trials at Indianapolis.

After Ohio, Indiana; after Indiana, Kentucky, and after Kentucky, Rhode Island. Are there more election frauds than ever before, or are their perpetrators less skilful? The differences among these cases are unimportant. In Indiana and Rhode Island the list of indicted includes names of greater prominence than similar lists in the other States. Both parties, nay, all three parties, are involved, one having been the grosser sinner here, another there. In all these States, what attracts the attention as much as anything else is the "wholesale" character of the indictments. But this seems to mean nothing more than that for once the officers of the law have been able to lay their hands upon a larger percentage of the guilty than is often the case. If these developments had taken place ten or fifteen years ago, the chief cause for surprise would have been, not that the men were guilty, but that they were caught. Our surprise now is on the other leg: we thought that the Australian ballot law and the general toning up of the political atmosphere had made election frauds obsolete. In a certain sense, they are, but efficient district attorneys are evidently needed to force some of our political wire-pullers to realize the fact.

Gov. Dunne's approval last week of the University of Illinois Appropriation bill, carrying $5,000,000 for the two years, is justly described as a notable event in American higher education. The sum is the largest ever appropriated by a single act to a single institution of the kind in the country; while its increase over the $4,500,000 voted in 1913 indicates the rapidity with which the revenue brought to the University by the mill-tax will grow. The bill met with some preliminary opposition, for while the mill-tax law provides that the income may be used by the University of Illinois alone, an attempt was made to force a division of it with the normal schools. Its passage unamended, by a virtually unanimous vote, with the support of all parties, confirms the law in a way that will now be binding. With the growth of property values in the State, the University should in its income shortly draw ahead of most of its rivals. It was under a Republican Administration that the mill-tax act was passed, and there were free predictions that the more economical Democrats, representing in greater degree the Irish Catholic influence of Chicago, would repeal or mutilate it. Yet the Democratic Governor Dunne has been its stanch defender. For this permanent and liberal provision for its growth, the University has chiefly to thank the sagacious efforts of President James.

The story of the chasing of the Cunard liner Orduna, bound from New York to Liverpool, as told by travellers just returned from England, has an important bearing on the submarine-warfare issue. The German submarine was sighted, it appears, at a considerable distance astern; and during the chase the submarine availed itself, of course, of all the speed that it could make by keeping on the surface. The Orduna put on full speed ahead, and also signalled by wireless for help; and when help came in sight, the submarine at once found safety under water. It is difficult to see, then, wherein lies the soundness of the assertion that a submarine cannot afford, like any other ship of war, to risk the chance of the arrival of assistance to a merchantman she desires to attack; on the contrary, she has a resource of safety which all other warcraft lack. The fact is that it is not the safety of the submarine, but the success of its operations, that is put in special peril by the giving of notice; the ignoring of the laws of war is desired for the sake of diminishing the chances of rescue for the attacked, and not in any peculiar degree for the sake of averting the danger of destruction to the attacker. Of course, even if the facts were otherwise, that would be no reason for abrogating the established rules of war. The safety of non-combatants on a merchant ship has never been regarded as conditioned on the exigencies of the warships that might desire to capture or sink her.

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AMERICAN FEELING ABOUT THE GERMAN NOTE.

Comments by the German press, so far as sent by cable, on the reply of the German Government to President Wilson's protests are all of one mould. They praise their Government for its firm refusal to surrender a single German position. Equally of one mind are the American newspapers. As by a single voice they express disappointment and dissatisfaction with the communication from the German Foreign Minister, declare that the President cannot recede, and offer him hearty and non-partisan support in maintaining American rights and dignities. Thus it would appear that the Fourth Estate in the two countries is as much at variance as their Governments. Yet on neither side is there a pronounced spirit of belligerency: A deadlock is admitted on the main point at issue, yet there plainly persists the hope, open or tacit, that a solution of the crisis may be found without a rupture between Germany and the United States. We believe that a majority of the people in both nations sincerely desire that peace may not be broken.

By some German-American newspapers the German note—of which they naturally approve in general—is described as not only friendly but highly conciliatory. It seems to be thought that the German Government made a great effort to placate us. Few Americans had gathered this impression from a reading of the German reply, but they may have failed to take two things into the account—first, the native inability of the German Government to do anything gracefully; and, secondly, the difficulties under which it labored in having to satisfy public opinion at home. On the supposition that it really intended to make concessions to Americans in secondary matters, we must, in fairness, make allowance for an unfortunate manner. Disraeli spoke of a clumsy and tactless public man as possessing a "Bœotian grace." Prussian military people have that quality in the extreme. They are capable of offering, as an elephant, to brood the eggs of a partridge, and of being surprised that the warm-hearted advance is not welcome. So it may be that the phrases and proposals in the German note which seemed so heavy-footed and almost insulting were meant as a peculiarly gracious concession. Americans cannot do other than laugh at them or reject them, but it may be that we ought to recognize a kindly intent. At least, the door is left open to further negotiation.

Nor does one need to go further than the language of the German note itself to perceive that various influences, if not various hands, were at work upon it. It has certain sentences which were obviously meant for home consumption. Others betray the desire of the Foreign Office to promote an understanding with the American Government; but all the while there is, as it were, a shadow cast from behind. It is the military party, in especial the Admiralty, preventing the Foreign Minister from stating that there has been any change in the actual practice of German submarine warfare, or from saying anything about the Lusitania except what would heighten the enormity of her destruction without warning. In all this there is an awkwardness in phraseology, a blundering in the choice of words and in the methods followed, which seem as if calculated to give offence, though the fact may be that the reply was the result of a good deal of pulling and hauling, of tinkering and patching, mainly with the aim of preventing the German people from thinking that anything whatever had been yielded.

That anything material has been yielded, we are unable to see, on mature consideration of the German reply. The conditions attached to certain offers are either ridiculous or insufferable. And the *gaucheries* of attitude are almost as hard to put up with as the refusal to meet our just demands. Still, it is the part of sensible people—it is the business of statesmen—to overlook defects of manner so long as the thing earnestly desired may yet be striven for. And we make no question that it is at this time the hope of the great body of Americans that President Wilson will not stick in the bark of the mere terms of the German reply. What it proposes that is impossible of acceptance he can put aside in few words; and to the main position of his two Lusitania notes he will, of course, adhere. Yet he will be justified in thinking that the friendly tone of the German Government—even if uttered with an unhappy air—and its making of what it thought to be concessions—even if they amount to nothing—furnish him with a kind of leverage to press the business further.

It is not a question of compromise. Law, right, justice, humanity—and it is on these that our Government has taken its stand—cannot be compromised. We are working not only for our own interests, but for those of all neutrals and for the welfare of all nations. But in reasserting, as President Wilson doubtless will, the fundamentals of the American position, he may yet hope that Germany will come to a better mind. She may yet agree to set down as a promise what she has quietly adopted as a policy—not to attack merchant ships without warning, and to do everything possible to save the lives of non-combatants. The latest methods of German submarine warfare comply, so far as may be, with the rules of naval war. Let this be made the established practice, and we shall have no complaints for the future, while still insisting that the murder of Americans on the Lusitania was a criminal disregard of our rights and a gross violation of international law. That law cannot be set aside or changed by Germany alone. It can be done only by the consent of all nations. Such action she may yet be induced to await.

OUTLYING PHASES OF THE WAR.

The news of the surrender of all the remaining German forces in South Africa is not of high military importance, but has great dramatic significance and a wide suggestiveness. For one thing, it marks the extinction, temporarily at least, of the German Colonial Empire. Kiao-chau, the Pacific islands, and now the vast stretch of territory in South Africa—East Africa is as good as gone—have been lost to Germany. This was one of the great stakes which the Kaiser put at hazard when he decided upon a war into which Great Britain was certain to be drawn. The result was inevitable. Sea-power would attend to that. After all the Kaiser's exhortations to Germany to look to her future on and across the ocean, the whole colonial edifice, built up with such pains and at such cost, has now crumbled to the ground. The fated end in South Africa may not cause so much of a sensation in Berlin, or provoke so many cries of vengeance, as did the expulsion of Germany from China by the Japanese, but it cannot fail to give to serious Germans food for melancholy thought.

It marks for them the frustration of many hopes. Besides the actual loss of the colony upon which Germany had expended so much treasure, with not a little blood in the war with the Herreros, there is the further bitter reflection that the blow was dealt by the Boers, now loyal British subjects. What a change from the day when the Kaiser sent to Kruger his famously imprudent telegram! And to the German way of thinking, it would have seemed absolutely impossible, after the Boer War, that the Dutch burghers could be found so soon, and in a world-convulsion imperilling the very life of the

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British Empire, fighting under the Union Jack. Germany was confident of a Boer revolt the moment the present war broke out and England's hands were tied. There was, indeed, a weak and speedily quelled revolution, which the Germans were suspected of fomenting—just as they were going to have India aflame and Egypt in insurrection—but the wise and tested colonial policy of Great Britain, giving self-government to the Boers, had its wonderful vindication in the rallying to the Empire of the great body of the Dutch in South Africa. It is a Boer, Gen. Botha, who received the surrender of the Germans. In that fact alone there is a whole history, as well as an entire body of political morals.

This South African phase of the war is but one of many reminders of the way in which the ends of the earth have felt the European cataclysm. There is good historic precedent for it. The great wars of the middle of the eighteenth century drove the American colonists into battle, as the Boers and the Australians and the Canadians have been driven during the past year. Our French and Indian wars were, as Macaulay stated in picturesque phrase, directly related to the aggressions of Frederick the Great and the huge embroilment of Europe. And what the reverberations of the Napoleonic wars were in America, both North and South, our own historians have told us. With the whole world so much more closely knit together now, and with belligerent nations having possessions and interests in every part of the globe, it was the more impossible that the maelstrom of the great war should not exert its suction far and wide. South African school children may for some time to come be taught, as American school children long were, a disproportionate view of the war in which their fathers were engaged. But in the end it will drop into its proper place as a remote incident of a mighty struggle which was centred elsewhere.

And there are countries nearer the conflict which are being pulled strongly under its influence. Greece, Bulgaria, Rumania, all are agitated, all seem on the verge of a decision one way or the other. A distinction is to be noted, however. If the decision is pro-German, it does not mean active military assistance. It means only neutrality. Whereas, if those nations—or any one of them—conclude to side with the Allies, they will take the field against Germany and Austria and Turkey. A keen diplomatic duel is going on in the Balkans. But if the Germans win it, they gain nothing but an escape from new enemies. The latest reports speak of alternate proposals made by Austria-Hungary with a view to securing either the neutrality or the active military coöperation of Rumania, but probably the most that the German Foreign Office ventures to predict is that Rumania and the others will remain neutral. Even that is doubtful. To Rumania has been offered a big price by the Teutonic Allies. They have assured her that she may have parts of Bukowina and of Bessarabia. But her eyes are turned westward to Transylvania; and the indications are that she will regard the terms proposed as unsatisfactory. The negotiation has confessedly reached the point of touch and go, and constitutes today one more heavy burden for German diplomacy.

That Germany entered the war in bungling fashion is a fact which few Germans dispute. They must be made the more keenly aware of it to-day by the wiping from the map of the last of the German colonies. Nothing but complete triumph on the continent could make up for that, and no such triumph is now in sight. The Russians are visibly stiffening on their own soil. If the French and English are making small progress, they are at least showing that they can stand off the most furious German drives. Even the mismanaged Dardanelles campaign promises better. And the German submarine warfare is not starving England or appreciably crippling English commerce. Germany is putting forth mighty efforts, and is doubtless able to do so for a long time to come; but the ideas of a Bernhardi about imposing her will on Europe and becoming the great *Weltmacht* are not in process of realization. Far from adding to her dominions beyond the sea, Germany has been stripped of all she had.

LOOSE THINKING AND WEAK ACTING IN RELATION TO CRIME.

An incident of the case of Muenter, alias Holt, which has justly aroused a great deal of attention and comment is the failure of one of his fellow-workers at Ithaca to reveal the identity of the Cornell instructor of 1914 with the Harvard wife-murderer of 1906. Professor Gould has stated, with entire frankness, that he was absolutely certain, almost from the first day he met him, that Holt was none other than Muenter; he explains his silence not on the ground that there was any doubt whatever in his mind as to the fact, but on the ground that he felt it right to let the murderer go on in what appeared evidently to be a new life, in which he was conducting himself worthily. We have no desire to pass any severe judgment on Professor Gould. It is easy to think of many reasons for his pursuing the course he did, reasons which with nearly all of us would have great influence and which perhaps with most of us might prevail over the stern promptings of civic duty. The consideration of the good and evil that went into the decision of this particular man in this particular—and highly unusual—case is of far less importance than the broad question of our habitual attitude of mind when we are called upon to strike the balance between easy-going sentiment and stern duty in any case of the kind. And this brings us face to face with the whole question of our attitude, not only individual and personal, but collective and governmental, towards the entire subject of crime and punishment.

It is upon this question of the mental attitude of the community, of the public authorities, and of individuals towards crime and criminals that the crucial difficulty of the whole problem of the humanizing of the prison system turns. The *Nation* has sincerely and earnestly supported the efforts that have been made in that direction by earnest, able, and high-minded men in this and other States; but it has never disguised the perplexities with which these efforts are, in the nature of things, attended. All meaningless hardship, all senseless severity, all physical or mental distress caused, not by well-considered penal policies, but by either parsimony or ignorance or maladministration—all these things must be fought against and abolished. And on the positive or constructive side, whatever can reasonably be done for the reform and rehabilitation of the prisoner, for making him a man again if he ever was one, and even for trying to make a man of him if he never was one—all this is noble work, and a great service to the State, as well as a splendid form of humane endeavor. The only question is, in what ways and within what limits this can be done without sacrificing or endangering the primary purpose of the criminal law.

That primary purpose, it must never be forgotten, is not the reformation of the criminal, but the prevention of crime. And of all agencies the most powerful is the instinctive association of the idea of crime with the idea of punishment and disgrace. That we ever forget this, that persons oth-

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erwise of keen intelligence often overlook it altogether when they discuss prison questions, is only proof of the profoundly pervasive character of that association. The idea that murder is horrible and a murderer a pariah, that to be a thief is to be an outcast—these things are so inbred in us that we never stop to think of them as arising out of any external influences, or as subject to change through a change in those influences. Yet nothing is more certain. Most of us, to be sure, would not in any case be murderers, or even thieves; but of the multitude whose moral nature is more or less defective, whose ability to resist temptation is small, or whose sense of right and wrong is easily confused, who shall say how many thousands are held safe from crime—from the first steps that lead to crime—by that intuitive abhorrence or recoil which comes from the long tradition of the prison and the gallows? It is not that the man who is on the brink of crime makes an express calculation of the chances of punishment, though this, too, plays its part; it is that thousands never reach the point where crime is contemplated as a practical possibility, because the lifelong association of disgrace and misery with the idea of crime asserts itself when even a distant thought of committing a criminal act flits across their mind. And it is this strongest of all defences of society against crime, and of the possible criminal against his temptations, that is put in danger when we permit loose thinking and sentimental action to shove aside the stern realities of crime and punishment.

NEWSPAPERS AS INSTITUTIONS.

Recent exploits of certain members of the English press have not been more noteworthy than the violent attacks upon them. Boasting of having unmade and made a Government, they have, in turn, been accused of glutting personal vengeance, of sacrificing the good of the country to a newspaper sensation, and of meddling and marring in general. The public burning of one of these papers on the floor of the London Stock Exchange was an event which Carlyle would have said was "significant of much." It has, indeed, a significance, especially when taken along with other related occurrences, which is not lost upon the more sober and responsible of English editors. Mr. Spencer, in the *Westminster Gazette*, commented not long ago upon the fact that newspapers are now under a more jealous public scrutiny, and are subject to more suspicion and dislike, well or ill founded, than ever before. He did not resent this. He merely stated it as a phenomenon of the day, which those charged with the conduct of the daily press could not afford to overlook.

It would be easy to point to signs of a similar state of mind, respecting newspapers, in this country. For a considerable period now, it has been the fashion of a certain type of man in public life to bring railing accusations against the press. These politicians have found it an almost infallible means of getting a cheer from their audiences. That is the suggestive thing, the thing for newspaper men to consider. Mr. Roosevelt, when his hat was still in the ring, took many a fling at the newspapers. They had, in his opinion as expressed at one time, fallen far below the magazines in integrity and truthfulness; though latterly he had to confess sorrowfully that even the latter had gone off sadly—by which he meant, of course, that they had refused to go off with him in his various chases after the ideal and after offices. His scolding mantle he has since passed on, apparently, to Mr. Bryan, who loses no occasion to pay his disrespects to the press. It has become a favorite way with him of bidding for applause. "You may not be persuaded by my arguments, but, anyhow, we all agree that the newspapers are selfish, venal, reckless, and untrustworthy." (Laughter and cheers.)

Naturally, Mr. Bryan has his nostrum for this evil as for all others. He explained it in his address to the Press Congress in San Francisco last week. In a word, it is to make newspapers personal instead of impersonal. Every man who writes anything should put his name to it. This is a thesis which has been debated much more than Mr. Bryan is aware, and the sound public arguments against his proposals are more numerous and weighty than he dreams of in his slap-dash philosophy. We do not propose to discuss the subject now, and refer to what he said only because of one entire misapprehension into which he fell. As if in order to sugar-coat his pill to remedy the suppression of names in journalism, he said that it would be a great help to the young and rising writers connected with the press if they were to sign their productions. As the case stands, declared Mr. Bryan, they do good work for which they get no reputation at all, while they have the mortification of seeing all the glory which should be theirs swallowed up by "a corporation"—that is, the newspaper for which they work.

This is a misunderstanding which is really laughable. There are many reasons why American newspapers have, during the past thirty or forty years, more and more ceased to be known as the personal organs of their editors or owners, and have tended to become institutions. But let that pass. What is of present concern is the mental attitude of the men who make the paper. Have they this thirst for personal notoriety, this unwillingness to have the individual sunk in the general result, which Mr. Bryan posits? Very little, we are confident. The truth is plain to any one who knows a modern newspaper office from the inside that the institutional spirit has seized upon the workers. They are not thinking all the time about themselves, but about the paper. They personify it. They have slang names for it. They say: "Well, the old girl certainly did get a move on to-day." Little by little, they become absorbed in the team-play, rather than in every man fighting for his own hand. They come instinctively to think of their newspaper as something with a life of its own, wholly independent of the particular men who happen at the moment to be responsible. Editors and writers may come and go; it is the paper that goes on forever. This institutional sense sometimes gets so strong upon newspaper men that they almost believe the edition would somehow manage to get off the press, and make its appearance on the streets just as usual, even if all the staff were to be found dead in their beds some morning.

A concrete example of what we mean has just been offered in New York. The *Sun* has been moving from the building with which its name has been so long identified. The occasion was one to bring out the truth that there is such a thing as the impersonal *Sun*. It was not a set of editors changing their offices; it was the *Sun* going to a new local habitation. There have been special reasons why the *Sun* should have acquired this air of being an institution. Under changing managements, it has maintained a distinct personality. And it has been successful in binding a great variety of workers to it in a fine *esprit de corps*. Let Mr. Bryan go to any of them and tell them that, by not signing their names, they are sacrificing their talents to a greedy newspaper, and they would laugh in his face. For what are they there except for the greater glory of the *Sun*? This might be all Greek to Mr. Bryan, but it is the sober truth. And what is true of the *Sun* is true, in one degree or another, of a thousand newspapers.

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ART LESSONS OF THE EXPOSITION.

It is admitted that the central attractiveness of almost every exposition lies in its art. It was so at Paris and Brussels, at Chicago and St. Louis, and for peculiar reasons it is emphatically so at San Francisco. The industrial exhibits may be enormous and varied, but they are rarely more than so much advertising; the scientific and mechanical exhibits reach but limited circles; while the architecture, sculpture, landscape planning, and decoration constitute the chief popular appeal and teach the most enduring lessons. There has always been regret that these artistic creations must be evanescent. It is rarely that more is saved than Chicago has in her Field Columbian Museum and in the statue of the Republic by French which the trustees have just ordered executed in permanent form with the $50,000 left in the treasury. Even so, the art serves its purpose. At San Francisco, the Mediterranean sky, the clearness of the air, and the beauty of background have given Jules Guérin, Karl Bitter, Edward Bennett, and Willis Polk an unexampled opportunity. Yet the award of the fair's prizes is passing with little note, and the East appears unaware that—as various critics have agreed—artistically this is probably the most successful of all expositions.

The unique quality of the Panama Exposition and its main value as pointing to artistic innovations is by common consent its color-scheme. This exposition had a director of color and decoration; and seldom before has the convention of white been dispensed with. The fair at San Francisco is spread out like a mosaic, and to it a magazine illustrator has given the favorite hues—warm copper, green, red, orange, and blue—of his pictures. The opportunity was peculiar to the setting of skies, foothills, and bay; but not only California, but in some degree others, might benefit by the success of the experiment. In our drier climates it should be possible to take a less tolerant attitude towards the monotonous façades and roofs and the lifeless windows and ornamentations of public and private buildings. Every traveller is familiar with the vivid tiles and walls of European cities, beside which we are hopelessly at the mercy of inexpert house-painters. This idea of the Exposition has taken so well that the local press speaks of the guards' pride in the tonal harmony of their drab and red uniforms. There is also a marked lesson to the West and Southwest in the whole architectural planning of the Exposition. Not ten years ago San Francisco rejected the opportunity to achieve an ideal plan, but here something like Mr. Burnham's proposals have received concrete form. The balance and order of the three courts of the Exposition—the central Court of the Universe in the midst of eight buildings, the two side courts each in the midst of four—gain by contrast with the terraced fussiness and incongruity of San Francisco in the background. The Buffalo and Chicago Expositions gave very perceptible impulses to city-planning in the East, and the West ought to realize that it has a number of cities that are reaching a size where thought must be taken quickly. The architecture of the individual buildings, again, undoubtedly contains hints for the Coast on the Occidental use of Oriental or semi-Oriental styles.

The sculpture of the fair has been less spoken of than the architecture for the very reason that it has properly been made subsidiary to it. But we have had abundant evidence of its quality, and it is full of promise that Western names have been added to the list of those who did work at St. Louis. Mr. Royal Cortissoz has appealed to the authorities not to miss their opportunity to perpetuate the Column of Progress, with successful bas-reliefs and McNeil's Adventurous Bowman crowning the top—"so fine a composition that one cannot regard it as a bit of ephemeral decoration." Praise of the same sort has been given to two figures by Adolph Weinman, of New York, in the central court—the Rising Sun and Descending Night; and there has been warm commendation for the symbolic statuary of the Exposition—The Pioneer, The End of the Trail, The Alaskan, The Trapper, The Indian, and various large groups. Considering the freedom offered in outdoor placing, it is a happy fact that Professor Neuhaus, of the University of California, has been able to congratulate the sculptors on a restraint not seen in the permanent statuary scattered throughout the West. This may have some connection with the greater opportunities offered in the painting of mural decorations above the doorways, in niches, and in outdoor and indoor panels. In sculpture, our expositions have invariably been schools for the artists as well as for the public; there seems every reason to believe that the opportunities offered at San Francisco will have proved an encouragement to a rising group on the Coast.

Artistically, the Panama Exposition has been more dependent than its predecessors upon this country alone, the missions to Europe for foreign contributions having been cut short by the war. But, in any event, it would have shown a greater reliance upon native artists. A glance over the list of eighty contributors to this part of the fair will reassure those who fear that we are still the slaves of Paris, Dresden, and Rome. Twenty of them were born west of the Mississippi; twice as many more on this side of the Atlantic. We are too prone to forget that a sculptor like Borglum could come originally from Ogden, Utah, and a painter like Guérin from St. Louis, and that such men owe a great part of their training to American schools. The achievements at San Francisco are in great measure our own achievements. It is possible to gain a greater measure of artistic self-confidence and boldness from the Exposition. From their cost, it is probable that large international fairs are becoming a thing of the past; but the succession of them in this country, from the time when the Centennial Exposition showed us our deplorable poverty, has been invaluable in educating us in the fine arts.

Foreign Correspondence

THE NEW WAR LOAN—ITS DEMOCRATIC APPEAL—THE UNITED STATES AND GERMANY.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, June 25.

The topics of the moment (in addition to the daily happenings of the war) are the new war loan and Mr. Lloyd George's scheme for mobilizing the industrial resources of the country for the production of munitions.

Our economists have made it quite evident to us that, to meet the expenses of the war, we must devote ourselves to the increase of all forms of necessary production, and resign ourselves to a great decrease in the consumption of luxuries. An enormous amount of that postponed consumption which we call investment is imperatively necessary; and for the truly patriotic citizen, the only fully satisfactory investment must take the form of a loan to Government. The provisions of the new loan, as explained by Mr. McKenna, fortunately involve no clash between patriotism and self-interest. The 4½ per cent. interest it offers is considerably more attractive than the "sweet simplicity" of the Post Office Savings Bank's 2½ per cents. So far the scheme has met with little but approval; the main criticism has been that the terms are, perhaps, a little too generous for the investor, and that some (inevitable) hardship may be felt by holders of other Government scrip bringing in lower dividends. So far as practicable, however, this latter objection has been met by a liberal scheme of conversion. Perhaps the most interesting part of Mr. McKenna's financing is the attempt to tap a new source of supply in the accumulations of the workingman and other small investors. The terms are so

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tempting and the facilities (for instance, in the shape of vouchers for five shillings and upwards, obtainable in any post office) are so convenient that there is some reason to hope that Mr. McKenna may be able to assert that he has democratized the finances of the state.

It is usually assumed that thrift and saving have not been the strongest points of the British workingman. We must not forget, however, that besides the large deposits in the Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks, the working classes have made enormous investments in building and coöperative societies. There are, I believe, many small industrial towns in some of our northern counties where hardly a "shop" is to be seen, practically the whole of the retail traffic being carried on through coöperative stores. However this may be, expert judges seem convinced that labor will take up a very large amount of the loan, particularly as so many skilled workmen are now earning unusually high wages. Moreover, the trades unions and the friendly societies are meeting the scheme with great good will, and large firms are encouraging their employees to invest, by the promise of bonuses. It is interesting to note that the plan seems to appeal strongly to women workers. It is hoped in some quarters that the moral stimulus of the facilities of the loan may turn out not wholly incommensurate with that of the prohibition of the sale of vodka in Russia. The objection that the issue of this loan will depreciate other securities is answered by the fact that such securities would depreciate in any case if the war went against us, and that this loan is intended to help us to forestall that danger. It is too early yet to assert that the loan has been a complete success; but the Bank of England has already distributed over 4,000,000 copies of the prospectus, and bonds and vouchers are being rapidly taken up.

In connection with this loan, more will perhaps be heard of the Right Hon. Russell Rea's idea that thrift should be made compulsory, and that people should be made to subscribe to the loan, just as they are obliged to pay their taxes. It is understood that Mr. Rea's scheme is looked upon with favor in high official quarters. In the first place, he would impound the greater part of the additional profits of all persons and firms whose profits have increased, not only through direct dealing with Government departments, but in consequence of the changed economic conditions produced by the war—such profits as those now being made by the general body of coal-owners and cargo ship-owners. In the second place, he would make contributions to the loan compulsory upon the large class of workmen now earning greatly increased weekly wages, who for the most part escape the payment of income tax. He would make it obligatory upon employers to keep a stock of the new five-shilling certificates, and upon employers to pay, and the workmen to receive, one pound's worth of such certificates in part payment of wages in all cases where the wages exceed three pounds, and additional certificates to the amount of one-half of the sum by which the weekly wage exceeds three pounds.

Mr. Lloyd George's scheme for the enlistment of an industrial army has also been well received; but there will be more to say about this next week. There is no question that Mr. McKenna and Mr. George have between them, in these last few days, succeeded in impressing even the most thoughtless with the gravity and urgency of the situation the country has to face.

In view of America's silence during Germany's continued torpedoing of neutral vessels and British unarmed merchantmen and fishing boats, we have all betaken ourselves to a renewed scrutiny of President Wilson's notes of May 15 and June 11, and have been relieved by the wide scope of the passages quoted below, which seem to go far beyond immunity for the lives and property of American citizens only:

". . . Lives of non-combatants, whether of neutral citizenship or citizens of one of the nations at war, cannot lawfully and rightfully be put in jeopardy by the capture or destruction of unarmed merchantmen. . . . Manifestly submarines cannot be used against merchantmen, as the last few weeks have shown, without an inevitable violation of many sacred principles of justice and humanity." [May note.]

"The sinking of passenger ships involves principles of humanity which throw into the background any special circumstances of detail that may be thought to affect the case—principles which lift it, as the Imperial German Government will be no doubt quick to recognize and acknowledge, out of the class of ordinary subjects of diplomatic discussion or international controversy. . . . The Government of the United States is contending for something much greater than the rights of property and the privileges of commerce. . . . The Government of the United States relies in these representations on the principles of humanity, the universally recognized understanding of international law." [June note.]

We therefore await with confidence the ultimate resolution of the President, convinced that the man who penned these sentences had a full and true appreciation of the real question at issue, and knowing that, with President Wilson, words are not used until the ultimate action has been foreseen and decided.

ELYSIAN FIELDS OF PARIS—RELICS OF CIVILIZATION SNATCHED FROM KULTUR.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, June 26.

It is Sunday afternoon, and such a day as you have only in these moist climates, where the clouds float low and the heavens seem nearer. The sun has not yet burned the leaves nor dust stained them. An American lady, who knows the lingo of art, is in vocal ecstasy over the "pastel colors" of trees and grass and sky. We are going to see tapestries which have been saved from the bombarded Cathedral of Rheims and antiquities rescued from destroyed Belgian towns in the neighborhood of Ypres. They are exhibited at the Petit Palais, which is the Paris Municipal Museum in the Champs Elysées.

It is an "exposition for the benefit of *Gens de Lettres*, artists, and works of artistic solidarity—French and Belgian." There is need of the thing represented by this new word "solidarity," just as Roman law held certain single debtors solidly liable for an obligation of partnership—*promittentes singuli in solidum tenentur*. We are all of us solid in our love of Belgium and France in this devastation; and the guardians of the exhibits and those who sell notices and post cards do not lessen the solidarity.

They are young men, awkward and unused and anxious to show good will. One has his coat hanging over where his right arm should be; another has his left hand in a black sling neatly pinned against his breast, and one who sits at a table has crutches and one foot. So it is for all of them. They are the *mutilés* of war—a half-dozen from among the thousands who have escaped from the carnage with only loss of limb. They are stationed here, not to excite pity, for countless others like them pass you in the street; but to give them employment and a chance to earn however little for their living. How to do this is one of the heartrending problems which peace itself will not solve.

The tapestries are those at which passing tourists once stared as they hurried through the nave and transepts of the Cathedral Church of Rheims. They will be studied more carefully now that they may be seen nearer. It is astonishing how much you learn from them.

Two are of the "strong King Clovis." They were presented only in 1573 to the cathedral where the Kings of France were crowned, but they must be much older. There is not a trace of Renaissance ornament in them, while the twelve tapestries of the "Life of the Virgin Mary," which were presented in 1530, already show a hesitating return of Latin art to Gothic Gaul. One of these Clovis pieces represents his victory over Gundebert the Burgundian and Alaric the Visigoth, and a solidarity of other foes who were never thus together in real life. The weaver has mingled his figures as he did his legends, and a great strip across the tapestry has been replaced unskilfully. Bodies of heroes are mutilated in a puzzling way, which even our own war cannot rival. There is a church porch for architecture at one end and Flemish gables along the ridge of war, and a motley crowd going processionally to fight. They are led by a miraculous deer, who is known by his horns. He crosses a river not so broad as the back of the horse which is to carry over it strong King Clovis or some of his men. It is the delight of children to stand and pick out the separate figures, as in some puzzle. Women who tolerated Cubism before Modern History began are less patient, and pass on.

Across the hall, where the Virgin is being brought up by hand in the Temple, she, too, is engaged in tapestry-weaving. She is seated, and the threads pass over her lap on a sort of embroidery frame, while she holds the shuttle in her hand. The design shows what she has already woven—a long, narrow strip of Renaissance ornament. But houses and costumes and the letters of the legend above are Gothic, which means mediæval. Just as no one then looked at the strip of weaving and gathered from it that civilization was taking a new turn, so now we find it hard to believe that our whole world is at another turning of the way, although seventeen-inch mortars are exploding Culture at us. I could not pick out in the Clovis tapestries a single figure of a gun, not even an arquebus, but only bows and crossbows and stout-headed spears. And yet the world looks as if it went on much as in these late months. Of the years a little before the real Clovis, St. Je-

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rome writes: "The inhabitants of the powerful city of Rheims have been harried away into Germany." This time we have saved the tapestries.

At every step in the hall where Belgian antiquities and objects of art are stowed there is something to stir feeling. There are late church ornaments and ancient cloth of gold; miniatures of prosperous Flemings after Rubens's day, and metal work of the little republics of trading Flanders, in the middle ages. Then Ypres had its thousands of looms and [some say] gave its name to "diaper" linen. From Poperinghe and Dixmude and Nieuport—places now flaming out again into sudden prominence as ruthless invasion destroys them—we have here the evidence of lives of peaceful toil and art and religion. It is what men used to call civilization. At the sight the heart grows big within one to defend it—and this is, perhaps, another benefit of such exhibitions.

The American lady in pursuit of artistic emotions stays at the tapestry of the "Nativity of the Virgin"—"Why, there was another Nativity we just saw in this same series."

A young man, not unacquainted with the Higher Criticism, says apologetically: "This is the Nativity of the Virgin; that was the Nativity of Christ. This is from the Apocryphal Gospels."

The inconsequential lady makes an irrefutable answer: "Apocryphal? Well, the Virgin Mary had to be born, too, didn't she? What a pity the Apocrypha is not in our Bible!"

With all these art industries in a narrow region where the same families lived their little lives, generation after generation, there must have been a popular education of taste and, in some ways, a diffusion of knowledge which is now wanting in our largest cities. Matthew Arnold was struck by Cardinal Antonelli's remark: "An Italian peasant may not be able to read; but stand him before a statue or work of art, and he will say, 'It's beautiful!' or 'It's ugly!' and most of the time he will be right." Of course, it would be better that the people should both read and have taste and other humanities, as well—and in all these the Belgians, whose homes are destroyed, are no whit inferior to their invaders.

Coming down the Champs Elysées, we could see the Boy Scouts' training parade in the Tuileries Gardens. The older ones have a uniform and real guns—without bayonets. The younger, who are by no means the least disciplined, are in khaki waists and breeches with bare knees. This universal training is having its effect on the race. Doctors who have been just examining eighteen-year-olds, in case they should have to be called out for war, have been impressed by the very common superiority of their physique over regular conscripts of twenty. And their moral quality is higher tuned, as every observer can see if he opens his eyes.

Further along, towards the Boulevard, veritable soldiers—sans eyes or nose, or arms or legs in many cases—sit in their worn and stained uniforms at café terraces. This is allowed to the uniform on Sunday, but on other days only from five to seven o'clock. People around make room carefully for them, doing honor. And this, too, is moral and as it should be. What shall Peace bring to their broken lives and to those responsible for such breakage?

The Gaiety of Socrates

BEING AN EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A PROFESSOR MEDITATING AFTER A PHI BETA KAPPA DINNER ON THE LOST ART OF BANQUETING.

Midnight, May 30, 1915. I have just returned from the Phi Beta Kappa banquet—sober, as usual, and full of noble ideals. Quite convinced that I ought to hitch my wagon to a star. Much impressed, as in 1914, by the necessity of giving up my frivolous way of life and devoting myself seriously to the career of a scholar.

Phi Beta Kappa expects every man to do his duty. Sooner or later I suppose I shall have to speak at one of these dinners myself. I have escaped hitherto; but my freedom in the past diminishes my chance of immunity in the future. When the good stories have all been told, when the silver-tongued orators all have spoken, when the resources of the committee on arrangements are exhausted, my turn will come—and what, in the name of invention, shall I say? This question disturbed me not a little this evening, as I glanced across the angle at the speakers' table, and noticed the abstracted expression of the speakers' faces from the soup onward, and, between courses, their silent rehearsal of words that were soon to fall from their lips with bright unpremeditated felicity.

All Phi Beta Kappa orators, it seems to me as I run over my acquaintance with them, may be divided into two classes: the historians and the preachers—the men with a long memory and the men with a long message. The historians—the older members usually, those who rocked the cradle of the Society in its infancy, like Professor Good and Professor Wise—delight us with reminiscences of Phi Beta Kappa as it was forty or fifty years ago—reminiscences which to us with shorter perspective have all the freshness of novelty. Theirs is a useful type of speech; for it impresses upon the minds of our novitiates the venerable antiquity of the organization with which they have just become identified. They will never forget, for example, Professor Good's impassioned picture of the days when the flowing bowl went round at the banquets of this Society; nor will they forget his plea for the perpetuation of traditions. Our younger orators, on the other hand, those who have not yet sunk into the retrospective attitude, those who look not downward and backward but forward and upward and onward—they sweep the strings of moral idealism, and urge the novitiates on to high and strenuous endeavor. In speaking of our younger orators, I am thinking of Professor Graves, and how his address opened with a solemn promise not to preach; and how in a moment it branched out into as many ethical heads as Hydra had or a sermon by Jonathan Edwards; and how it closed in a glowing peroration on the importance of abiding by our promises.

Now as I shall always be outranked in the field of society history by some orator of Nestorian memory, prudence and an ancestral line of New England clergymen point me to the moral disquisition. When my turn comes, I must *deliver a message*. What shall be my theme? PHILOSOPHY THE GUIDE OF LIFE? THE CONSCIENCE OF THE SCHOLAR? THE DUTY OF THE SCHOLAR? THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE SCHOLAR? . . . Even as I write these words, there breaks upon me a great flood of light, and in the midst of the light is a great interrogation point. The essence of the question is this: Why do all our Phi Beta Kappa moralists exercise their great powers of moral persuasion upon the ninety-and-nine just men that need no repentance? Why do they seek to turn towards scholarly seriousness just those who can by no means be turned away from it? Why should *any one* think it necessary to rise in this Society and talk to its members about the responsibility of the scholar, the duty of the scholar, the conscience of the scholar? Is not this an attempt to gild refined gold and paint the lily white? To harangue such a society as this, on any such subjects as these, strikes me, just now, as one of a long list of unnecessary things: it is like talking to a life-saving crew about the importance of learning to swim; it is like talking to the 'varsity football team about the importance of taking exercise; it is like urging a group of sorority girls to take an interest in social life; it is like declaring the value of Greek to classicists, like P. E. More and Professor Babbitt; it is like recommending the Carnegie Foundation or a Company of Deans to "tighten up the screws" or to "humanize the machine"; it is like railing against college presidents at a convention of professorial anarchists like Dr. C—— or our own Professor Freelance. In conscience, duty, and responsibility, the members of our society live and move and have their being.

If ever I am called upon to speak before the members of Phi Beta Kappa, I shall not urge upon them the virtues for which they are already preëminent. I shall rather begin in some such way as this:

Ladies and gentlemen of this ancient and honorable Society: You have all heard the old story about the Phi Beta Kappa poem said to have been published some years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly* by a graduate of Harvard University—that great institution to which many of us owe all that we have and are. I shall therefore repeat it to you this evening. You will remember that the Cambridge poet tells us how in his poetic frenzy a trance fell upon him, and a wonderful vision appeared to him. You will remember that in the vision a little band of Harvard men, all members of Phi Beta Kappa, visit the Kingdom of Heaven, and inspect the throne, and are granted audience before the Almighty. And you will recall that the visit ended in the completest satisfaction to the visitors—and to the visited. And you will have in mind the last great climactic line in which the author, summing up the

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impression made and received in Heaven by the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa men, says: "And God was pleased with them; *and they were pleased with him.*"

Ladies and gentlemen of the Gamma chapter, Phi Beta Kappa men and women are the same the world over. We who are met here together this evening are the intellectual cream of a great intellectual community. We have been chosen as Gideon chose the three hundred to go up against the Midianites. We have disciplined ourselves to hardness and austerity. We have shunned soft delights and lived laborious days. What pietists call the "temptations of the world" have been no temptations to us. I look around me; and I see heads grown gray in renunciation. I look around at the Dean of Men, and at the Dean of Women* and at Dean Tenace* and at Professor Pumps* and at Professor Cleek* and at Professor Brassey* and at Doctor Lofter,* and I say to myself: "Why talk to these great lonely thinkers of husbanding the diamond-studded hours, and eschewing the soft seductions of the dance, the lure of the bridge table, and the green enchantment of the golf links?" What do these things mean to any of *us?* We all, as I have said, have burned the midnight oil. We have sought that excellence which, as the Greeks tell us, a man must wear his heart out to attain. Sitting here this evening, with our golden badges of achievement upon our bosoms and a shade of weariness upon our brows, we represent the accomplishment of a remorseless purpose; we are the embodiments, in the intellectual sphere, of fulfilled desire. What remains to put the last touch upon our perfection? What can we do to keep ourselves, as Matthew Arnold would say, from a self-satisfaction that is vulgarizing and relaxing?

Ladies and gentlemen, when I am in doubt what I ought to think of any movement of ideas or any project or any organization in this community, I turn to that great responsible organ of community sentiment, the *'Varsity Daily;* and I inquire what the *'Varsity Daily* thinks of it. What does the *'Varsity Daily* think of the Phi Beta Kappa Society and its banquet? When this great voice of community sentiment reports a banquet of the athletes, or of the seniors, or of the Loyal Order of Hibernians, do we not regularly find its approval of the organization heralded in some such headlines as these?

FEST HALL SEES GREAT REVEL OF SENIORS.

EATS AND DRINKS ABUNDANT.

A Grand Time Was Had by All.

Now let me solemnly put it to your scholarly consciences, ladies and gentlemen, whether the *'Varsity Daily* has ever admitted that at our annual symposium "a grand time was had by all," or even that "eats and drinks" were abundant? In the cold gray dawn of the morning after, as we open the dew-drenched sheet, do we not rather find ourselves and our activities advertised by some such caption as this?

HIGH-BROWS HOLD ANNUAL SOLEMNITIES.

PROMINENT DEANS URGE HIGH STANDARDS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

O. B. WISE PUTS THE PUNCH INTO SCHOLARSHIP.

Ladies and gentlemen, I rise to-night to say that the more we plan to put the "punch" into scholarship, the more we should plan at certain intervals, such as this, to take the punch out of the scholar. I mean to mollify and unbend him; to make his wisdom smile; to smooth his wrinkled front; to shake his diaphragm with laughter; and, in short, to subject the tired tendons of his mind to the salutary osteopathy of ridicule. I rise to-night to suggest that the one thing needful to our perfection is a richer tincture of gaiety—gaiety sufficient to make our annual banquet a revel not a rite, a feast and not a function. If we are to make the keyman who is now playing billiards at the Club wish he were here, if we are to make the keywoman who is now dancing at Argentina Hall wish she were here, if we are to make our colleagues who are now viewing the legitimate moving pictures at the Orpheum wish they were here, we must, in one way or another, persuade the public, not merely that "eats and drinks" were abundant, but also that a "grand time" was had by all—a grander time than was to be had anywhere else from the western limits of the Country Club to the utmost shores of Crystal Lake.

In this matter I am in accord with the philosopher Spinoza, who says in his treatise on the "Improvement of the Intellect": "*It is essential to my happiness,* to try to make many others understand what *I* understand, so that their intellect and desire may entirely agree with my intellect and desire."

I recognize at once that many members of this company may be of Lord Chesterfield's mind, when he wrote to his son that no gentleman ever permits himself to laugh. It is the tenacity with which whole classes of society cling to this rigid principle of decorum that makes it so difficult for the wits of the world to add materially to the gaiety of nations. Thus Molière, who was one of the ablest of wits, says that it is a very serious business making honest people laugh. George Meredith carries on the idea, when he declares that all the great humorists have been grave men—permanently saddened, I suppose, by years of effort unavailingly directed towards making their contemporaries smile. The professor in particular is a hard case, as Mark Twain discovered to his dismay when he tried to make the professors at Cambridge cheerful. The professor, I say, is a hard case—which perhaps explains why he seems to live in perpetual fear of losing his character.

The thesis which I wish to advance to-night is nearly the converse of Meredith's. I wish to take up another aspect of the relation between gaiety and greatness. I wish to prove that all great men have been gay men. This will be just a little difficult; because it isn't true. If the whole truth were to be told, many great men, I fear some of them members of our own Society, are now in the fifth circle of Hell. In Dante's Hell, the fifth circle, you will remember, is hardly hot enough to be comfortable. It is the circle to which souls are sent who in life succumbed to spiritual gloom and despondency. There, the poet tells us, "fixed in the slime, they say, 'Sullen were we in the sweet air that by the sun is gladdened, bearing within ourselves the sluggish fume; now we are sullen in the black mire.' This hymn they gurgle in their throats." In spite of these depressing instances, however, there are cases enough of greatness coupled with gaiety to make at least a *show of truth,* which, as every graduate student knows, is all that is necessary to sustain a thesis.

It now becomes necessary to explain the gaiety of greatness, and to illustrate it. It is commonly assumed that gaiety is a token of a light nature; quite the contrary is the truth. *The gaiety of the great rises from their sense of surplus power—power more than adequate to any situation in which they may find themselves.*

This power manifests itself in the most exhilarating fashion when serious resolute men, such as we are, who have striven and suffered and achieved, as we have achieved, show themselves able to turn about and laugh at their own achievements, before they press on to new ones. The late William James, much to the horror of his colleagues, who were afraid that he would lose his character, frequently flashed out with that sort of spontaneous unprofessional gaiety. When I heard him speak on philosophy before the Harvard Graduates' Club, a great fresh breeze seemed to rise from his mind, and to sweep over the audience, and blow all the academic dust and conventions out at the windows. He had the power to be a professor of philosophy; and he had also the surplus power to laugh at being a professor of philosophy. I will give you an illustration. "Whatever universe a professor believes in," said William James, as he unfolded the doctrine of pragmatism, "must at any rate be a universe that lends itself to lengthy discourse." There is an example of gaiety rising from power more than adequate to the situation of a professor.

Another American scholar—likewise combining greatness with gaiety, but at our dinners more often remembered for the former quality than for the latter—was Ralph Waldo Emerson. Emerson had sufficient power of goodness to be a Unitarian minister, but he had a surplus power of goodness which enabled him to leave off being a Unitarian minister, and which emboldened him to cry in one of his essays: "Come, let us drink wine, and crown our heads with roses, and break up the tedious roof of heaven into new forms." There is an example of gaiety rising from power more than adequate to the situation of a Unitarian minister.

You will find this superfluous power also in that grim-visaged soldier of God, Oliver

*Unmarried members are indicated by a single asterisk.

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Cromwell, of whom a contemporary writer tells us that, in riding to the battle of Naseby, the general drew his horse a little aside from his troops to laugh, thinking how the Lord was going that day to deliver the enemy into his hand. That is a case of gaiety rising from power more than adequate to the situation of a Puritan general.

I think, too, of the surplus power of that great classical moralist of the eighteenth century, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who, after an altercation with a friend, sent out peals of laughter so loud that his voice, as his admiring biographer informs us, seemed to resound from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch. I never allude to that grave melancholy scholar without recalling how from time to time his gigantic gaiety banished his fear of death in hours of golden relaxation. "One night," says Boswell, "when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a night-cap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good humor agreed to their proposal: *'What! is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you.'* " And the great lexicographer, the author of the "Vanity of Human Wishes," spent the rest of the night boating on the Thames and "frisking" through the city. Langton left them in the morning to go to a breakfast with some young ladies. "Johnson scolded him for leaving his social friends to go and sit with a set of wretched *un-ideaed* girls. Garrick being told of this ramble, said to him smartly, 'I heard of your frolic t'other night. You'll be in *The Chronicle*.' Upon which Johnson afterwards observed, 'He durst not do such a thing. His *wife* would not *let* him.' " Here we have an example of gaiety rising from power more than adequate to the situation of a great classical moralist.

I might carry this theme to superhuman heights. If I had the boldness of a Lamb, I might proceed to speak of the "inextinguishable laughter" of the gods. Or I might remind you of those occasions, authenticated by the prophets, when he that sitteth in the heavens laughs. Both are illustrations of that unimaginable power which is more than adequate to governing the universe. But prudence counsels me to check my adventurous flight below the sublimer levels of gaiety. We shall find it more profitable to confine our meditations to the laughter of mortals.

Ladies and gentlemen, when I meditate on the grim-eyed gravity of modern scholarship, I long to talk with some old scholar's ghost who lived before the Efficiency Experts were born. When I consider most thoughtfully the one thing needful to add the last touch of grace to a Phi Beta Kappa banquet, I think of the invincible gaiety of Socrates. He was the gravest man in Greece; but he was also the blithest. He was the best diner-out in Athens, and every banquet that he attended was a revel. He had the ugliest satyr-like face that the gods ever moulded for one of the children of men; but there was celestial sunlight in his mind. And whether he was discoursing on the divine and the earthly loves at the house of Agathon, or whether he was driving the sophist Protagoras into the intricate net of his dialectic, this superfluous celestial sunlight played about his crooked mouth in a feasting smile that filled the handsomest men in the city with envy and with rapture. And when he made an after-dinner speech, the guests forgot the buffoon and the Syracusian dancing-girl provided by their host; and they forgot the vine-crowned goblets of clear wine; for they had drunk the deeper intoxication of the Socratic gaiety; and when he rose to depart, the young men rose and followed him, like bees following the scent of honey, and they went out, walking and talking still, to meet the gray-eyed dawn.

Something like this, ladies and gentlemen, should be the result of a Phi Beta Kappa banquet. I do not despair of the emulation proposed. Though Socrates had a demon, he was not a god. Socrates was a man, such as we are. He was, in a manner of speaking, a professor, such as we are. He sought truth, such as we seek. He had felt poverty, such as ours is. He had a wife, such as ours are. And yet Socrates was gay! His good lady upbraided him, just as ours do; she berated him, no doubt, for wasting his time on his students; urged him to brush his clothes and take her to see the new comedy of Aristophanes; begged him to go with her and call on Mrs. Alcibiades; besought him to *"get in"* with the Pericles circle; scolded him for loitering in the market-place; insisted that he should bestir himself, so that they might take the position in Athenian society to which his talents entitled him. But Socrates smiled, and pursued his true calling. And when his friends asked how he preserved his charming serenity through the perpetual rainy season of his domestic life, he replied, with his victorious and contagious gaiety, that to live with his wife was an admirable discipline in virtue. That was an example of power more than adequate to the situation of being Xantippe's husband. And when Critobulus, a very handsome banqueter, gave as his chief reason for self-congratulation his possession of good looks, Socrates cut in with the question: "Why, Critobulus, do you give yourself this air of vanity, as if you were handsomer than I?" That was an example of power more than adequate to the situation of being as ugly as Silenus. And when Socrates was asked what he meant by his boast that he was the wisest man in Greece, he answered, still with that feasting smile, that he was the only man in Greece who knew that he knew nothing. This was an example of power more than adequate to the situation of being—a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. It was an example of the power requisite to the enjoyment of a Phi Beta Kappa banquet.

Ladies and gentlemen, other speakers will come after me in later years with a clearer gift than I to preach the gospel of gaiety. I am but a voice crying in the wilderness of our gravity. I shall be content, if of me it is said in the good time to come: "He was not gay himself, but he was the cause of gaiety in others." I shall be content, if at our next symposium the committee on arrangements acts upon the suggestion which I am about to make.

There is, as the philosopher Lotze tells us, a mystical power in our outward raiment and garniture. When Machiavelli read the classics, he put on his most gorgeous robes of state in order that his mind might the more readily enter into the intellectual splendor of Greece and Rome. When Socrates attended a banquet, he bathed, and put on his sandals, and a fresh robe. If we are to profit by these examples, all the members of our Society, and especially the speakers, will stream into this building at the appointed hour with a kind of festive and processional pomp; each man wearing a scarlet ostrich feather in his hat, and each woman borrowing a hint from the May-day masqueraders. Those who are gay in themselves will express their gaiety in their outward garb; and those who are sullen in their hearts will wear a visor as at a masked ball, or they will impersonate for the occasion some dead scholar who was gay. As we enter the portals, the toastmaster in a golden robe leading, and the valedictorian of that year dancing before him to the sound of a flute, the youngest and fairest of the novitiates will strew the threshold with daffodils or such early flowers as the spring affords. When we have taken our places at the board, the fairest of the novitiates, still moving rhythmically about the table to the enlivening strains of the flute, will pin a rose on the coat lapel of every professor, signifying the perfume of virtue; and on the head of every woman who is a doctor of philosophy they will place a garland of red and white roses, signifying the eternal youth of wisdom. Since King George and Lord Kitchener have dispensed with wine, we shall probably never be able to revive the tradition whose lapse Professor Good laments; but we shall pass from hand to hand a great vine-crowned loving-cup brimming with liquor potent enough to cheer and inebriate a Secretary of State. I cannot enter into the details of the programme; but I am sure we shall have some good speeches on the gayer aspects of science—perhaps some astronomer will tell us about the music of the spheres and how the morning stars sing together. We shall have some good singing; perhaps some member of the department of geology will strike the harp like Cædmon, and sing to us about the creation of the world. We shall have some dancing, too, and some examples of the mimetic art—perhaps some member of the department of German will give us an allegorical dance, symbolizing the progress of *Kultur* in America. Then the spokesman for the

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novitiates, in a short and modest speech, will explain undergraduate politics, and tell us how he engineered his election into our society. Finally, that member of Phi Beta Kappa who has most clearly demonstrated in the course of the year that he has power more than adequate to being a member of Phi Beta Kappa will read a panegyrical poem commemorative of some scholar who though great was gay. And in the rosy dawn of the morning after, we shall find, as we turn to our great responsible organ of community sentiment, some such headlines as these:

HILARITY HALL SEES SATURNALIAN REVEL OF KEYMEN.

WISEACRES MAKE WISDOM SMILE.

A Grand Time Had By All.

BALAUSTION.

Poetry

THE SHEPHERD INVITES HIS LOVE TO LEAVE THE CITY.

By STUART P. SHERMAN.

Dear Phillis, since the world's perverse
And speeding now from bad to worse,
Let's breathe a sigh and cry, "'Tis pity,"
And up and leave the loathly city.

If you'll but drop your cold disdain,
And say the word, and take the train,
We'll go where happy lovers stray
By woods and waters far away.

Upon a bluff beside a lake
I'll build a cabin for your sake,
With fire-place where the logs shall glow
Like Indian campfires long ago.

When through our casements, opened wide,
The gray light wakes us drowsy-eyed,
We'll sally out, while rabbits skip,—
Barefoot, like them, for the morning dip.

Returning, see the rising sun
Gilding the treetops one by one,
Or guiding us with golden finger
Where the blue-eyed hairbells linger.

A brief grace said, we'll break our fast
With cream and blueberries while they last;
Then berries red and black are taken—
Topping them off with crisped bacon.

And when the room is set aright,
The floor clean-swept and sanded white,
We'll wander where the spirit leads
Through dusky glens or flowered meads.

Sometimes we'll sit upon the cliff,
Watching the yachtsman sail his skiff,
Or send our wayward fancies flying
Whither the wide-winged heron's hieing.

Or spy near by the crimson caps
Of fair coquettes a-swim, perhaps;
And laugh to see the pretty sillies
Flecking the waves like water-lilies.

But if you are in pensive mood,
When stillness holds the enchanted wood,
We'll lie beneath a hemlock olden
Where shadows check the sunlight golden,

And I will make you pillows rare
Of sweet fern-brake and maiden-hair,
And when your peerless head reposes
I'll crown you queen with fresh wild roses.

And we will read some famous woe
That lovers had long, long ago—
How Merlin fared with her he met,
And Aucassin with Nicolette,

What pain and joyance Iseult knew,
And Guenivere, so false, so true,
Till all their sad and sweet distress
Is linked with your breathless loveliness,

And I will ask all birds that sing
And every fair and joyous thing
To raise in voices dutiful
High hymns to my lady beautiful.

And when the wood-thrush sings no more,
And the waves break louder on the shore,
And the ruby beacon flings its shimmer
Over the deep where the dim stars glimmer,

When the moon makes magical the night,
And the wide heavens are filled with light,
When through the quivering leaves above us
The wood gods whisper that they love us,

O, then we shall wander hand in hand
Down the white reaches of the sand,
No sad thought back nor forward casting—
Wishing the night were everlasting.

Notes from Two Capitals

THE PRESIDENT'S UNDERSTUDY.

The Vice-President, whose native State of Indiana is washed by the billows of the Ohio and Wabash Rivers, comes thus naturally by a naval policy of his own. As nearly as it can be made out from fragmentary reports, he disbelieves in building any more giant warships because a submarine costing only $700,000 can destroy a super-Dreadnought costing ten times as much. Though this declaration may not change the Government's course, it will attract attention because it came from him, for Mr. Marshall is the surprise—slangy critics call him the "singed cat"—of the present Administration. From a man with a rather low, wide forehead, a heart-shaped face, and a not impressive amount of avoirdupois, they had not expected much; but for a fact, few men who loomed upon public life as lately as he have been more frequently quoted.

Imagine the late John James Ingalls, of Kansas, reduced in stature by about a foot and broadened just a trifle, his parchment skin supplanted by a more transparent complexion with live tints in it, and a genial air in the place of the somewhat cynical one that Ingalls carried about with him, and you have a fair idea of Thomas R. Marshall. The Vice-President's deliberate, clean-cut manner of speech is not unlike that of Ingalls, but its tone is more racy. In expressing disapproval, Marshall is quaint where Ingalls was sardonic. Ingalls went to the classics for his metaphors, while Marshall goes to the street life of the provincial town. Ingalls did not look himself outside of his black Prince Albert coat, suggestive of an animated stovepipe; Marshall looks hardly comfortable outside of his easy-fitting sack.

One difference between the two men is especially conspicuous: Ingalls had the assumed dignity of the stage, used to cover a disposition by no means unbending; Marshall has a native pride over which he must always wear his light-mindedness as a cloak. Marshall may complain of the meaningless etiquette of office, and say that he longs to put his feet upon his desk and smoke his cigar at his ease; he may crack a joke on his room at the Capitol as reminding him of a monkey's cage except that the visitors do not offer him peanuts; but were a political cataclysm to unseat him to-morrow, you would not find him hiring out to a sensational newspaper as a reporter of prize fights any more than he has been found willing to sign for a Chautauqua engagement unless the jugglers and yodlers were eliminated from the same share of the entertainment.

Marshall made himself famous as Governor of Indiana by his success in laying out a programme of legislation for his party, and holding the State lawmakers up to it till he had got what he wanted. His victory over the factional leader, Tom Taggart, was a big gain for respectable politics thereabout, and by its damage to Taggart's prestige may have contributed more than has been generally suspected to the recent municipal housecleaning by the criminal authorities of Marion County. Since coming to Washington, he has won a reputation for personal independence which his friends declare places him in the statesmen's category, but his enemies decry as mere eccentricity. Though a loyal supporter of the President for a second term, if he has anything to say about public affairs he says it without waiting to inquire what Mr. Wilson thinks. He has taken the Senate's breath away two or three times, while presiding, by his presumption: once, when the Senators made too much noise with their chat in the back part of the hall, he administered a keen-edged rebuke to their bad manners which brought them to order without more ado; on another occasion he took Speaker Reed's short-cut from idleness to business by counting a quorum after a filibustering roll call had failed to discover the presence of one.

He feels no mercy in his soul for monopoly, but disbelieves in further anti-Trust legislation by Congress, being confident that the States have in their own hands all the remedies necessary, if they would forbid any corporation to do business in them which owns or holds the capital stock of any other corporation, or whose capital stock is owned or held by any other. He insists that there is "too much science" in the educational system of to-day, and "too little God Almighty"; but while he was Governor of Indiana he encouraged Sunday ball-playing. In the midst of all the excitement over the sinking of the Lusitania, it was he who recalled the ancient legal tradition that an English ship is a bit of English soil afloat. And, finally, he declines to take part in jaunts for either business or pleasure unless Mrs. Marshall can go with him, as they have never been parted for

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the whole of twenty-four hours during what he calls their "twenty-years' honeymoon."

On the whole, we have a unique character in our Vice-Presidential chair.

VIEILLARD.

MR. REDMOND'S DICTATORSHIP.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, June 30.

The existence of a Coalition Government is responsible for a change in the political situation, the far-reaching importance of which has been overlooked amid the clash of arms on the Continent. Twenty-three years ago Justin M'Carthy, least truculent of men, took occasion to say, "We [meaning Irish Nationalists] hold the life of the Government in the palm of our hands." At that time the Home Rulers, riven by the downfall of Parnell, mustered eighty-one members, of whom nine followed the banner of John Redmond, seventy-one being ranged under the leadership of Justin M'Carthy. These figures tell a tale of patient endeavor, unerring tact, commanding Parliamentary instinct, consummated in rare personal triumph. To-day the Irish Parliamentary section, still dissevered, though on new ground, numbers eight, under the joint leadership of Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Healey, while Mr. Redmond captains a well-disciplined battalion of seventy-six.

With their assistance he has completed a task accomplishment of which was impossible for Isaac Butt, who first took it in hand, and for Parnell, who for ten years fiercely battled in its cause. He has carried through a reluctant, in large proportion a hostile, House of Commons a Home Rule bill, has seen it forced down the throat of the House of Lords, and added to the statute book. Of course, honest conviction had something to do with final accomplishment of this revolutionary act. More compelling was a phalanx of four-score votes, with cynical frankness put upon the market for the bidding of either British party prepared to nail to its masthead the flag of Home Rule.

Mr. Gladstone, who, among other natural gifts, had the capacity of convincing himself at a certain epoch that what he had long combated was the only right thing to do, undoubtedly became in 1885 a sincere Home Ruler. Conversion happened coincidently with a return to Westminster after a general election of a dominant body of Irish Nationalists. Even he yearned for a state of things at the polls placing at his back a majority that would free him from the yoke of the Irish Nationalist leader, whosoever he might chance to be.

On the eve of the general election of 1892 Mr. Gladstone, with that sanguine disposition that cheered him in hours of adversity, confidently counted upon such emancipation. The little group who chanced to be present will never forget the scene in the library of Dalmeny when the Liberal whip, Mr. Marjoribanks (later Lord Tweedmouth), arrived with a telegram announcing the result of the final contest. No one was ungovernably enthusiastic at the aggregate result as affecting the position of parties at Westminster. "Well," said the whip, gallantly putting the situation in most favorable light, "we shall have a majority of forty." "Too small, too small," said the coming Premier, slowly shaking his head, and speaking in that deep tragic tone reserved for occasions of greatest storm and stress. In the short-lived Parliament born of that election Mr. Gladstone carried as far as the House of Lords the second edition of the Home Rule bill. But he was painfully conscious that he was merely the instrument of the party sitting below the Gangway opposite, closely watching, alertly listening, ready to take disciplinary action if there were any lapse from the literal text of the well-learned lesson.

This painful experience has been suffered by Mr. Gladstone's successors in the Liberal Premiership. It is true Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, seated in office by a majority that exceeded the rosiest dreams of Mr. Gladstone, was his own master, Mr. Asquith inheriting the privilege. It is perhaps noteworthy that in such halcyon times no attempt was made from the Treasury bench to carry a Home Rule bill. That duty presented itself, and was acknowledged, when by process of attrition the Liberal majority was so far reduced as to bring Mr. Redmond into the place occupied by Justin M'Carthy in the session of 1893. To-day Mr. Redmond has abandoned the position of arbiter of the fate of the Ministry. He still has over seventy votes at his command, counting a hundred and forty on a division. Last year, had need arisen, the transference of this body to the Opposition division lobby would have turned out the Government. To-day there is no Opposition in the old sense of the familiar phrase. Its fighting force is merged in the Ministerial ranks. Its captains sit on the Treasury bench, in friendly companionship with Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, and others long regarded as arch-enemies of constitutional principles and policy. If, lapsing into native habit, Mr. Redmond were next week to "go agin the Government," he might find his battalion reinforced by the ten or a dozen Liberal statesmen below the Gangway who have during the last few weeks shown signs of revolt. But that is all. The dictatorship of the Irish leader is ended.

Correspondence.

THE "NATION."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have spent an hour examining the semi-centennial number of the *Nation*, and I think I shall need a whole day or more to master the contents of it. I cannot praise it too highly. I have never seen a piece of journalistic work more satisfying.

HORACE WHITE.

New York, July 9.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was with unusual interest that I read this week's issue of your paper, the semi-centennial number, for it is just fifty years ago that my father, Joseph H. Richards, as publisher of the paper, brought out its first number. He left the *Independent*, of which he had been publisher during the war, to associate himself with Mr. Godkin, and it was quite an event in his life when the first issue of the *Nation* appeared.

As you doubtless know, my father was later business manager of the *Evening Post*, but long before the two papers came together under the one general ownership.

If I remember correctly, Mr. John E. Powers, of prominent advertising fame, succeeded my father as publisher of the *Nation*, and he was in turn succeeded by Mr. St. John, referred to by one of your writers in this week's issue.

Trusting that the *Nation* will find even a larger field of usefulness during its next half-century than in the one which has just expired, I am sincerely yours,

J. A. RICHARDS.

New York, July 9.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was the bookkeeper in the *Nation* office when the paper was started in 1865 and sent out all the circulars before the first issue. It was a great privilege to be in the employ of such men as E. L. Godkin and Wendell Phillips Garrison and to be associated in the office with such men as Joseph A. Richards, publisher, and Manly A. Ruland, the advertising agent. These early asociations have influenced my whole life, and I consider myself very fortunate to have been thrown into the company of such a coterie of noble men. If there ever was an establishment where the Golden Rule was practiced, it was in the *Nation* office.

I hope the paper will live to celebrate its centennial and that it will always maintain the high standard that has marked it in the past.

W. H. WHITING.

Harwichport, Mass., July 12.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your semi-centennial number has been received and enjoyed. It started me to reminiscencing. It recalled the efforts made to raise the funds for the *Nation's* birth. I have the honor of being one of its first stockholders, and surrendered my stock when it was deemed necessary to be done to keep Messrs. Godkin and Garrison. I remember the first idea was to establish a paper which would greatly aid in establishing the South by the aid, not of the politicians of either of the great parties, but by wise men of the North. At one time the originators considered the purchase of the Baltimore *Daily* and *Weekly Sun*, with the hope of reaching many of its subscribers South, with an entirely different literature than the people South were receiving from its dailies and weeklies. Some of the stock subscribers wished to make it a backer of the Freedman's Bureau work. Others wished to make of it what it has become, a leader in all the great questions as they arise.

I think there were only three or four stockholders of the *Nation* in Baltimore, all of whom have died excepting me, and I am here having my weekly enjoyment of its pages.

Accept my congratulations and wishes that the *Nation* may continue its usefulness for another half-century. I shall not see it, as I am in my eighty-second year, but others will enjoy it.

JNO. T. GRAHAM.

Baltimore, Md., July 12.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit the *Advance*, itself forty-eight years of age, to congratulate the *Nation* on its great half-century, and on the magnificent number in which the anniversary is celebrated. May you live another fifty years—and more.

THE ADVANCE,
By WILLIAM E. BARTON, Editor.

Chicago, Ill., July 9.

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DR. CONYBEARE EXPLAINS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If you will extend me once again the hospitality of your columns, I would like to protest against the use made by a journal called the *Vital Issue* of a letter written by me on March 5 to a friend in America. When I had dropped that letter into the nearest pillar box, it passed out of my control; but I promptly reflected that I had written very intemperately of Sir E. Grey—worst of all, I had signified to my correspondent that he might, if he chose, publish a letter which, had I kept it over for revision until the next morning, I should have expurgated of all vituperative expressions and of overhasty imputation of bad motives, and probably never have dispatched at all. No course was left open to me but to write afresh to my correspondent and enjoin on him not to publish it. This I did, and I signified as a chief reason for his suppressing it that I intended later on to publish in a journal of my own choosing a more adequate study of the matters discussed in it. He acknowledged on March 29 the receipt of this second letter and assured me he would respect my wishes. Nevertheless, it was printed three weeks later in the *Vital Issue,* and has been exploited for more than it was *prima facie* worth.

Reconsidering the documentary evidence, I now form the opinion that Sir E. Grey was rather victim, than creator, of nihilist forces which he would have restrained, had he been able, last July, as he succeeded in restraining them during the Balkan Wars. Racial rivalries, however, had in 1914 waxed too strong to be composed, and no single statesman could avert the catastrophe. But there can be no doubt that the prime guilt lies with the Power which first abandoned the defensive for the offensive, and that was Germany.

Fred. C. Conybeare.

Oxford, Eng., June 29.

[In view of the wide use for purposes of the German propaganda to which Dr. Conybeare's letter in the *Vital Issue* has been put, it would appear that an explanation of how it came to be published against the author's wishes is due either from Dr. Conybeare's correspondent or from the editor of the *Vital Issue.*—Ed. The Nation.]

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At the time when Dr. von Mach printed Dr. Conybeare's extraordinary letter in the Boston *Transcript,* I wrote to the Warden of All Souls, Oxford, calling the matter to his attention. In reply he sent to me a repudiation of Dr. Conybeare signed by the seven tutors who convened the meeting in question, with the request that I would publish it in the *Transcript,* the *Nation,* and the Associated Press. Meantime the Lusitania massacre and other matters had caused the Conybeare episode to sink out of sight, and I published the letter only in the *Transcript,* writing to the Warden at the same time. I have just received a letter from the Warden enclosing a letter from Dr. Carlyle, in which they repeat the request that the repudiation should be published in the *Nation* and the Associated Press.

In the meantime I note an editorial article in your last number referring to Dr. Conybeare's own recantation of his extraordinary performance. In view of the request from England, however, it seems to me that I should ask you to publish the tutors' letter in the *Nation.* W. K. Richardson.

Boston, July 12.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The undersigned, who convened the meetings of Oxford teachers, to which Dr. F. C. Conybeare refers in his letter printed in the Boston *Transcript* of May 5, and in which he professes to have "aired his views" about Sir Edward Grey "very freely," wish to make the following statement:

(1.) The meetings were not summoned to discuss the causes of or responsibility for the war. They were summoned in the following terms: "Meetings will be held to discuss informally *and privately* some principle of a European settlement after the war." The discussions proceeded throughout on the assumption of the justice and the final victory of the cause of the Allies.

(2.) At one of these meetings Dr. Conybeare interjected remarks akin to those in his letter, but in language much more guarded and restrained. His remarks were irrelevant, and were ignored by the meeting.

(3.) We wish absolutely and entirely to repudiate the views expressed by Dr. Conybeare, which are not shared, as far as we know, by any other scholar in Oxford.

Sidney Ball,
Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College.
Ernest Barker,
Fellow and Tutor of New College.
Vernon Bartlet,
Mansfield College.
A. J. Carlyle,
Lecturer, University College.
W. M. Geldart,
Vinerian Professor of English Law.
H. S. Holland,
Christ Church. Reg. Professor of Divinity.
Arthur L. Smith,
Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College.

[The letter referred to in the Boston *Transcript* was a reprint of Dr. Conybeare's letter which appeared in the *Vital Issue.*—Ed. The Nation.]

PRAISE FOR THE MILITANTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the Foreign Correspondence of the *Nation* of June 24 appears a letter from James F. Muirhead, crediting the English suffragettes with "admirable patriotic work"; with "a businesslike organization which enabled them to throw themselves into a practical and useful work, with none of the delay that hampered other equally well-meaning groups of women"; with "high courage and supreme devotion, which . . . has been an example to us all."

For these unlooked-for virtues, as well as for their efficient recruiting campaign, he would forego the natural inclination to "upbraid them with their past."

"For this relief much thanks," but it seems not to occur to the writer that it is to "their past" that these self-sacrificing women are indebted for their present efficiency in the hour of England's need. The standards which inspired those other "equally well-meaning groups of women"—presumably not suffragettes—seem to have proved less satisfactory in practice than in theory. For are we not to judge worth, whether individual or collective, by its bearing in times of trouble?

So, instead of looking for an ulterior motive, such as the fear of being conquered by an alien race, let it be noted that these women, who have been for so long denied the rights of British subjects, and who have been so cruelly punished for their persistence in demanding them, do not pause to upbraid for past injustice the powers who were responsible for their militancy. They are too busy giving loyal support to a Government which classes them with infants, convicts, and lunatics. M. K. Dabney.

Richmond, Va., July 3.

THE TWO CHANDLERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of June 10, under the caption "A Prophet of Inevitable Destiny," "Vieillard" gives Senator William E. Chandler the credit of "saving his party from wreck in the Presidential campaign of 1876," and says that he "was *Secretary* of the National Committee." Has not "Vieillard," in making the above claims for William E. Chandler, confused his record with that of Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, Grant's Secretary of Interior, who was *Chairman* of the Republican National Committee, and is given by good authorities supreme credit for the issue of the campaign, and for foiling his able antagonist, Abram S. Hewitt, chairman of the Democratic National Committee? James Ford Rhodes describes Zachariah Chandler as "thoroughly honest and a very capable business man," and makes him especially significant in the campaign of 1876, but makes *no reference whatever to William E. Chandler* in connection therewith.

I remember a cartoon in Frank Leslie's *Weekly* representing "Zach Chandler" holding an elephant by the tail, as it was falling over a precipice, saying: "You ain't going to slip through my fingers if I can help it." I am sure the cartoons and comments of the time indicated Zachariah Chandler as the leading personality of the campaign, and I think his record and influence should be referred to in commending the work of William E. Chandler as secretary of the Republican National Committee, as otherwise there is special likelihood of confusing the service of the two men from their having the same surname. Everett O. Fisk.

Boston, June 12.

[If Mr. Fisk will search the records, he will find that William E. Chandler was secretary of the Republican National Committee at the same time that Zachariah Chandler was chairman. "Vieillard," who was then a newspaper editor, recalls distinctly the comments of some of his exchanges under such headings as "The Chandler Twins," "Two of a Kind," etc. Two contemporary journalists with whom he afterwards talked over the incidents of the night of November 7-8, 1876, were Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*—Mr. Tilden's warm friend—and John C. (better known in the profession as "Sam") Reid, of the New York *Times,* who described with particularity, and not a little satisfaction, his own share in the affair. It is so common for a command-

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ing general to be credited with a victory which may have turned upon the timely work of a subaltern, that there is nothing wonderful in the widespread assumption that the chairman rather than the secretary of the Committee organized the revolutionary campaign for seating Mr. Hayes. The truth was, according to Mr. Dana and the editor of the *Times*, that Zachariah Chandler did not enter into the transaction at all till he was awakened from a sound sleep in his room in the Fifth Avenue Hotel in the wee small hours of the morning of November 8 by William E. Chandler and Mr. Reid, who laid their plans before him and asked his permission to carry them out; and that he, sitting on the side of his bed, dismissed his callers with his authority to "go on and do whatever they thought necessary."—Ed. The Nation.]

AGAIN MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I add to Mr. Baker's quotation from Matthew Arnold in the *Nation* of June 3 this passage from the Preface to "Literature and Dogma"?

"For a man may have the facts and yet be unable to draw the right conclusions from them. . . . But perhaps the quality specially needed for drawing the right conclusion from the facts, when one has got them, is best called *perception*, justness of perception. . . . But in this sort of tact the German mind, if one may allow oneself to speak in such a general way, does seem to be even by nature somewhat wanting. In the German mind, as in the German language, there does seem to be something *splay*, something blunt-edged, unhandy and infelicitous,—some positive want of straightforward, sure perception, which tends to balance the great superiority of the Germans in special knowledge, and in the disposition to deal impartially with knowledge."

Isabella M. Talley.

Philadelphia, June 7.

A LITERARY PARALLEL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In May and June, 1849, Karl Gutzkow wrote "Der Königsleutnant," a comedy in four acts, as a centenary monument to Goethe's birth. The nominal hero is Count Thorane, the French officer, who, with his staff, was quartered in the Goethe house in Frankfurt-am-Main. The real hero is the young Goethe. In a certain scene, the elder Goethe says that the French have taken the city. To this Frau Goethe says: "Wie das? Dürfen sie's denn?" Then Goethe's father says: "Dürfen? Was sind Tractate? Was beschriebene, beschworene Verträge? Seit vier Jahren, dass dieser unheilige Krieg wieder begonnen hat, zogen tausende von Truppen durch Frankfurt als neutrales Gebiet, und alle betraten das eine Thor und gingen ehrlich durch das andere von dannen."

Could there be a more precise and complete literary parallel to the Belgian affair of last August? M. Henri Lichtenberger said latterly that it is impossible to think and escape Nietzsche. However this may be, it is certainly impossible to think and escape German literature as a whole. A. W. P.

New York, June 19.

Literature

"FACTS"—PSYCHOLOGICAL AND OTHER.

The Peace and America. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1 net.

This most recent of Professor Münsterberg's many books is a protest against America's exportation of munitions of war and against America's partisanship for the Allies. The war brought this country a great opportunity to stand for peace and humanity by preserving strict neutrality in both action and judgment, and America, in Professor Münsterberg's opinion, has sadly failed. The failure, however, was natural; for the country made up its mind in the first few weeks of the war when the cables were cut and the English censor determined what the American newspapers should say. As a result, American feelings of indignation, whipped up by falsifications of the facts, "overwhelmed even the traditional sense of fairness of those who under normal conditions would never have hesitated to sympathize with the weaker side when seven nations fell upon two."

Although the reader may be unable to repress a smile at the picture of Belgium "falling upon" Germany, and Servia "falling upon" Austria, and although he may fail to be convinced that American opinion has been wholly based upon a mass of British perversions, he will find in Professor Münsterberg's book a number of things for which at this time of excitement and irritation there is crying need. Its tendency on the whole is towards tolerance, sympathy, understanding, and away from extreme and sweeping judgments which would blind us to half the truth about Germany. The chapters on the Kaiser and on German *Kultur*, in particular, should have a wide reading. But while the book will have an excellent influence by reminding us in calm and good-natured fashion of the many noble qualities of the German people and of the undeniable and invaluable contributions which they have made to the spiritual life of mankind, the author's chief reliance in his attempt to make us tolerant is to be found in two arguments to which a large part of his book is devoted; one of which seeks to prove that there are no moral standards by which we are justified in judging Germany, while the other points out that there are really no facts on which such a judgment could be based.

There is no absolute moral standard, says Professor Münsterberg. All the nations have their own ideals, and among these there is no way of judging. The American ideal is the welfare of the individual; the German ideal is the service of ideals which get their value not from their relation to individuals, but from themselves. These ideals need not find expression in any concrete form nor realization in any one's actual welfare; they are just "eternal values" which have nothing to do with time. Between ideals as variant as the German and the American no one has a right to judge, for there is no common standard by which they can be compared. The only absolute moral law is the law to do your duty as you understand it; and, as a corollary, to respect every one else who is trying to do his duty as he understands it. Hence it follows that absolute neutrality of judgment is the first duty of the American people. America should have "recognized that every one of the peoples at war proceeded in obedience to its world task, every one fulfilled exactly that which it conceived as its moral duty, every one was inspired by high national ideals, every one was deeply convinced that the fullest moral right was on its side. From such a point of view, the question of moral guilt would have become meaningless. Nobody was to blame, nobody was in the wrong, because whoever fulfils what he sees as his duty sincerely, loyally, and with self-sacrifice is eternally right. There can be no higher standard."

This is not the place for an ethical discussion; but the reviewer is impelled to point out at least this fact: that if the view here promulgated be accepted, it makes meaningless that most fundamental of all moral questions: What is my duty? And the kind of neutrality here advocated would deprive every international conflict of all its moral significance.

But a judgment on the rights and wrongs of the war is entirely out of place, continues Professor Münsterberg, because nothing could be more untrustworthy than "the so-called facts" on which such a judgment must be based. These are untrustworthy for many reasons. In the first place, the reports in our American newspapers are all either wilfully distorted by the English censor and the English editor, or else unintentionally colored by the bias of the reporter. This accounts for the tales of German atrocities in Belgium and elsewhere, all of which are due solely to the imagination. It may come as a surprise to the layman that the imagination can accomplish so much; but the psychologist understands these matters. And "even if no one altered and distorted the events, and if they were not selected by the chances of personal surroundings, are the so-called facts in themselves clear? Do the actors themselves distinctly know all about the aims and motives of their minds?" They may think they do; but in several pages of psychological analysis the Professor demonstrates that there is nothing definite, nothing certain even here. And one's own prejudices in choosing and judging one's facts—psychology shows plainly that these are such as to destroy whatever value might have been left in the poor "so-called" facts when they finally reached us. Hence how futile it is to form any kind of judgment on this war. For "facts" are only "fables and fancies." "We say facts, and we mean will-o'-the-wisps."

It is one of the interesting things about Professor Münsterberg's book that, after his thorough psychological demonstration that

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facts are will-o'-the-wisps, when (in the chapter on England) he comes to deal with various German contentions, the will-o'-the-wisps stiffen into irrefutable facts with no nonsense and no psychology about them. Here, for example, are some of the "facts." It was Germany's "three mighty neighbors" that "forced this ghastly war on the peace-loving German nation." The German artillery sent two shots against Rheims Cathedral only because the French had most unjustifiably made use of it as a weapon of war. (The French denial of this can be explained psychologically.) At the outbreak of hostilities England and France were on the point of invading Germany through Belgium, with the latter's consent and aid, according to an agreement of long standing. In fact, the war had been planned for many years by English statesmen, notably by Edward VII. These clever plotters foresaw danger to India, and, to avert this, planned a war in Europe which should divert the attention of Russia, France, and other countries from British possessions in Asia. Finally, England's selfish schemes were masked by Sir Edward Grey's skilful use of Belgian neutrality, which really had nothing to do with England's decision, and was only a hypocritical pretext. "To-day all these *facts* lie entirely clear to those who want to see." There seem, in short, to be two kinds of facts: "so-called facts," which are psychological and come from England and which are really will-o'-the-wisps; and real, non-psychological facts, all of which are made in Germany.

Despite the many admirable features of this book and the tone of unfailing good humor maintained throughout it, the resulting impression for most Americans will be one of disappointment. Professor Münsterberg is so exceptionally well situated to give a judgment on the war that should be at once thoroughly objective and sympathetically pro-German that we had looked to him for something better than a mere repetition of the oft-heard assertion that Germany is absolutely innocent of everything, and that whatever is said against her is a pack of lies. "Such melodrama psychology" (let us remind the Professor of his own words) "which knows only angels and liars, is too clumsy." The American people are willing to believe many noble things of Germany, but it is vain to seek to persuade them that the German Government had nothing whatever to do with beginning the war, that the invasion of Belgium was all the fault of the Belgians, and that all German soldiers have acted like Angels of Light and Red Cross nurses. If we are to be won over to neutrality of judgment, some middle position should at least have been suggested. Our "partiality" and our credulity towards the "so-called" facts have not been due to any lack of hearing the German position clearly (and repeatedly) stated. Dr. Dernburg and his friends, not to mention our own fellow-countrymen residing in Munich, have seen to our "education" with sedulous attention. If most of us are still unconverted it is not through any lack of training, but rather because we have yet to hear a statement of the extreme German position which is based on real evidence and is consistent with admitted facts and with itself. Hence, as has been said, it is somewhat disappointing to get from Professor Münsterberg only a repetition of the old excuses, the old unproved accusations, the old sacrosanct official formulæ. With an ethical philosophy that befogs all moral issues and a *streng wissenschaftliche* method that turns all unpleasant facts into will-o'-the-wisps and forgets its psychology when dealing with pleasant theories, he and his fellow-professors have been able to prove to their own satisfaction almost anything they wished. That these methods have not persuaded America is to them an unending source of painful astonishment.

CURRENT FICTION.

The White Alley. By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Girl at Central. By Geraldine Bonner. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Miss Wells's latest romance again introduces Fleming Stone, the master detective, but only towards the end, and, it must be admitted, after the reader has received so many nods and winks as to have made up his mind pretty conclusively for himself concerning the identity of the murderer. Thus Mr. Stone has really very little to do except to parade the nonchalance behind the veil of which his keen deductions are always formulated, and to explain the conclusion—wholly unjustified by any recorded premises—that led him to look for the species of marble called "White Alley." When we really arrive at the mysterious disappearance of wealthy Justin Arnold, in his own burglar-alarumed house on Washington Heights, the tale is moderately diverting, though the faultiness of the deductive processes would infuriate Sherlock Holmes; but before we reach the point at which the mystery begins we are asked to wade through nearly a hundred pages devoted to the flirtations of a little minx who is alluded to with tiresome reiteration as "naughty" Dorothy.

Miss Bonner's mystery and the heroine thereof are of an altogether different order. The story is told by a telephone girl in modified telephonese, a jargon which becomes at times a little trying; but the story itself is remarkably good of its kind, and uncommonly well worked out. The mystery is concealed to the very end, unless the reader is a person of exceptional astuteness, for there is just one passage in the early pages of the book that points to the solution, while there are various false clues, cunningly contrived, that will start the earnest seeker running breathlessly in the wrong direction. For the purposes of her story Miss Bonner has omitted to mobilize few of the latest resources of civilization, including an aeroplane, and at the end they are all found to fit into the general scheme with the nicety of a well-contrived puzzle. There is a minx in this book, too, but here it is the minx who gets murdered, and hence the rôle that she plays is more engaging, because more silent, than that of Miss Wells's heroine.

Thankful's Inheritance. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If we were asked to prescribe for Mr. Lincoln's artistic health we should recommend him to go for a while to a new atmosphere, or, better still, to essay a totally different style of fiction: to spend some months writing an historical romance or a detective story; he might even devote himself to a "war novel." The result might not be particularly successful from either the pecuniary or the artistic standpoint; and it is not to be imagined that Mr. Lincoln would enjoy himself in his new environment. But the exercise would be in the nature of a mental discipline. The cure completed, Mr. Lincoln could return again to the atmosphere where he is so much at home, immensely benefited by the change; the habit which the author would have acquired of thinking of action rather than of character or atmosphere would serve as a tonic when he turned once more to his atmospheric studies. All this is not in condemnation of Mr. Lincoln's latest book. It is a pleasant, leisurely story, in the vein with which we are familiar, of life and folk in that perennially satisfactory neighborhood, Cape Cod, and in particular of the house on the cliff that Thankful Barnes inherited from an uncle by marriage, the whole duly seasoned with a sufficient admixture of romance and mystery to make the dish palatable. But here and there the interest lags and the workmanship seems a trifle mechanical. The story lacks the fresh breeziness of "Mr. Pratt's Patients" or "Cap'n Eri," and we seem to detect signs that the author has been a little profligate of the inspiration afforded by Cape Cod.

The Record of Nicholas Freydon: An Autobiography. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The publisher rubs in the mystery of this volume by challenging the reader to tell him whether it is "romance, autobiography, or both." We do not hesitate to say that it is not autobiography, though written out of experience as plainly as the "Jacob Stahl" series of Mr. Beresford. To that narrative the present one bears a surface resemblance. Nicholas Freydon, like Jacob Stahl, came up from unpromising beginnings to some distinction among London authors, by way of Grub Street, luckless marriage, and a various experience of low life. But Freydon is of a more remote and melancholy cast. The upshot of his public career is disillusion and unrest. His "way out" is a withdrawal from the battle. He returns to Australia, where in boyhood he has shared his father's similar withdrawal, and there his life "peters out" somewhat inconsequently, from the

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point of view of a robust reader. Perhaps one's impression of something a little languid and enervating in the book is to be traced to the style, which is in perfect dramatic keeping, since the narrative is supposed to be the product of a final phase of exiled invalidism. But, if the note is somewhat plaintive, we are always kept clear of mawkishness. The warrior, though in a sense defeated, has fought the good fight. The story of his middle years in London, with their ceaseless toil, and their product less highly rated by the toiler than by his public; with their human relations so intimate, and yet never penetrating the inner reserve of the man Freydon himself—it is all told with a kind of grave subtlety grateful to the middle-aged reader who finds here, for better or for worse, something of himself, a pale yet clear reflection, it may be, of his own figure journeying not too triumphantly along the way of an already dimming past. The book is not sonorous: here is a meditative flute and not a clarion. But we are not all pushing and exultant souls, the best of us. There is a defensive as well as an offensive strength: Nicholas Freydon is in his own way captain of his own soul, and therefore worth our trouble.

Come Out to Play. By M. E. F. Irwin. New York: George H. Doran Co.

This book is, on the face of it, one of those now too familiar narratives about the spineless youth with no principles and plenty of "charm," who treads the primrose way of his own random desires, to the embarrassment or undoing of all fellow-creatures with whom he comes in contact. Truffles Lemaigne is an expensive by-product of the social mill at a moment when there is no such economic method of marketing him as war affords. His father has been a well-bred waster before him; there is no sense of responsibility born in him. Life from the outset is a playground, and his fellow-beings useful as playmates or not at all. Unpleasantly, for one of his type, his pursuit of joy is not endowed adequately, and he suffers the steadily growing inconvenience of duns and even of empty pockets. He drifts into vaudeville and out again, receives a comfortable secretaryship and throws it away, borrows wherever there remains a friend to lend; through it all retains his social position in the heartless if by no means brainless London of his birth. "Sophisticated" is one of the words emphasized by our publisher's announcer in connection with the story, and in his weary and nonchalant philanderings Truffles proves his right to the epithet. Two women stand out as of greater moment: Cecilia, the country maiden whose heart he so easily wins and so lightly flings away, and Pipette of "Le Papillon Jaune," whom he presently slays with a dagger because she will not obey his whim. For one instant, between this savage assertion of the will and the ending of his own life, he has a glimpse of truth, sees what life might have held for him if he had made a real thing and not a plaything of it: "He knew now that he could love Cecilia enough to work for her, to do difficult things for her, to try and make her happy. And Pipette? he had played at love with her, and it had become real enough to kill her—and him. But he knew now that his love could be more than that, though not for her." It is too late—he jumps from his window-sill and ceases to be. A melancholy symbolism of vanishing joy, vanishing desires, haunts these pages—marionettes, yellow butterflies, the golden air-ball which is so easily broken, flowers that fade, Pierrot and Columbine. What saves the book from mawkishness is that Truffles is real, and his sister Jill, and poor Cecilia, and Pipette.

GOETHE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Goethe: With Special Consideration of His Philosophy. By Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. $3 net.

Amid this sickening clash of arms one can not but greet in friendly spirit something, anything, which may recall the golden days when Germans were striving after genuine culture, were pondering humanely the great issues of life, and had not yet sunk themselves in articles of war and the goose-step. Thoughts of Goethe and Weimar may thrust into the background even Kaiser, Bethmann-Hollweg, and Tirpitz. Yet, with every inducement to friendliness, one can not accept the present volume unqualifiedly. What, for instance, is the utility of the first sixty-five pages? They are nothing but an expanded diary of the facts of Goethe's life, facts which should be known to every reader and which help us not a whit to master Goethe's philosophy. Nor is the following section, pp. 66-142, on Goethe's Relation to Women, of much greater value. In point of English style, the plural "Relations" would be better form. And, for the substance, why iterate for the thousandth time the hackneyed stories of Gretchen (of Frankfurt), Kätchen Schönkopf, Frederike Brion, Lotte, Lili, etc., etc.? The reader who truly seeks to know these phantoms of delight will turn to Goethe's own words. In the case of Frau von Stein, the woman who, above all others, affected Goethe's powers of *thought*, our author has failed badly. Whoever would discuss Goethe's philosophy must begin by recognizing that Frau von Stein found him crude, untrained in the ways of the world, and left him the polished, courtly satirist. If "Faust" be Goethe's great Tagebuch, the first part embodies pre-Weimarian life; the second part, with its wonderful probing of court, finance, war, would never have been conceived in its shrewder passages but for Frau von Stein's subtle indirect influence. The present reviewer makes this assertion the more confidently, in that he is not a blind devotee of the Frau. Again, in discussing Christine Vulpius, our author betrays a squeamishness amounting to prudery. The liaison was Weimar's chief scandal; why hesitate, then, to say boldly, once for all, that Christine was Goethe's mistress for years, and was not married to him until after the battle of Jena, and that she was the direct occasion of the rupture with Frau von Stein? Goethe, like Shakespeare, was not of an age, but for all time; nevertheless his attitude towards society was that of the eighteenth century. We need not put on kid gloves to handle this side of his life. With Bettina we have little patience, still less with the Ulrike von Levetzow episode. To say, as Carus says, p. 138, "the difference in their ages [seventy-four against nineteen] seemed too great an obstacle. He resigned himself," is to ignore the determined and righteous opposition of Goethe's family.

In brief, every rational treatment of Goethe's philosophy, whatever that may be, will pass over mere love-making and concentrate attention upon Goethe's study of life in general and the relations of man to society and to the forces of nature. Our author would have been wiser had he substituted for this section on Relation to Women a section on Goethe as man of affairs and statesman.

The second part of the book is better planned and fairly well executed. It will give to the ordinary reader at any rate a partial insight into Goethe's personality, religion, philosophy, literature, and criticism. The weakest section is that upon "Faust," and this errs not so much in what it gives as in what it fails to give, or rather in what it fails to apprehend. It errs in treating the poet as a unit, *ein Ganzes;* whereas it is a conglomerate, to be more precise, a piling up of strata. There is the *Urfaust*, there is the early edition of Part I, the fuller edition of 1808, and there are the successive instalments of Part II. The real student of Goethe will read this series of publications in the order of issue, for each presents a different Goethe. The great German, like the great Englishman, was—to adopt Coleridge's phrasing—"myriad-mooded," the same person, but ever shifting. To interpret the First Monologue of Part I and acts iii (Helene) and v of Part II as if they were all organic articles of one and the same poetic creed is fatal. No one need hesitate to admit that the poet was continually *outgrowing himself*. Further, our author seems blind to the satirical element in "Faust." Apart from the obvious satire of the interview between Student and Mephistopheles, Part I, acts i, ii, iv, and many passages in act iii, Part II, are satirical in thought and tone. They embody Goethe's experiences in Weimar court-life, but idealized, generalized, and made applicable to all court-life, ancient and modern. No student of ancient history will fail to appreciate the exquisite perfidy of the *Classische Walpurgisnacht;* no student of mediæval and modern, even the most recent, history can afford to overlook the three ruffians in act iv. Belgium in 1914 bears witness to Goethe's unconscious gift of foresight.

Evidences of careless proofreading and loose thinking are not absent. Thus, Bielowski (p. 94) should read Bielschowski; the

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beautiful German lines (p. 227) are marred by the absence of Umlaut; "broader then" (p. 193) should be "broader than"; the date 1833 of Goethe's encounter with Franz von Schwanenfeld (p. 173) is, of course, impossible. Calling Bayard Taylor "a translator by God's grace" (p. 221) is praise which Taylor himself would scarcely have accepted. The criticism (p. 147), "We deem it regrettable that in certain circles they ["Werther," "Elective Affinities," "Wilhelm Meister"] are read more than his other works . . . his novels contain much that would better have been relegated to oblivion," has a Sunday-school ring. We, too, regret such cult of the "novels," but on other grounds; for us, Goethe is at his best in his poetry, especially in his short lyric and didactic pieces. This view is confirmed by our author himself in his concluding section, Miscellaneous Poems and Epigrams. At page 195 we find mention of "the high-minded and pious Louis Bonaparte, ex-King of Holland." How Louis Bonaparte came by his piety is to us a mystery.

The illustrations excel in quantity rather than in quality. Nearly all of them are hackneyed; only two evoke the feeling of novelty. Bury's crayon of Goethe in 1800 (p. 52) with its mien of smug *embonpoint*, suggests — to the reader's dismay — what Goethe might have become had he married Lili and settled down in opulent, easy-going Frankfurt. Diametrically opposite is the crayon by Lips (p. 265), truly the face of an idealist.

Passing over other defects and errors, we conclude with an exhortation. Any discussion of Goethe as philosopher, or rather as thinker, for Goethe never professed philosophy and scorned the systematic, is indisputably *etwas Grosses*. Accordingly, we exhort our author and his like to ponder Goethe's own utterance: *Wer Grosses will, muss sich zusammenraffen*. The fundamental postulate of all Goethe-criticism is the *sich zusammenraffen*.

MONSIGNOR BENSON.

Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1 net.

By no means the least interesting thing about this remarkable study is its clear though light sketching of the Bensons as a family. The archbishop is shown somewhat in the background, a rather pathetic father of the old school, devoted to his children yet somehow aloof—inaccessible, as it were, *ex-officio:* a man who "loved family life, but . . . had an almost tremulous sense of his parental responsibility"; susceptible to art, and to ritual as a form of art; a trifle pedantic; oversensitive and therefore uncertain of temper. It is the mother who is the calm, potent source of the family life; from her appears to have descended, if not the talent or the immense industry of her children, that uncommon strength of sinew which is necessary for such labors as theirs.

Several group portraits of the three brothers are here reproduced—there was, as in so many families of genius, another brother, the most brilliant of them all, who died young. Almost from the first of the series, one fancies them written clear by photography: Benson the Don, Benson the clever story-teller, Benson the priest. *Post facto* prophecies are illusory: what one really sees in these pictures of the youngest, Hugh, is a slight, fair boy, with a homely face of Scotch type, prominent of mouth and eyes—the latter small and pale. The remarkable thing is that this face carries into manhood the ingenuous, eager, totally unselfconscious air with which a small child or a puppy looks out upon his world. "The one characteristic," says the Don, "which emerges whenever I think of him is that of a beautiful charm, not without a touch of wilfulness and even petulance about it, which gave him a childlike freshness, a sparkling zest, that aerated and enlivened all that he did or said." It is this personal and intimate aspect which the present study tries to convey, and which might easily be missed in the formal and official biography to be prepared in due season by one of Monsignor Benson's own faith.

The Hugh of this book is not a saint, but a very natural and human person. As a boy he displayed no marked ability or bent of any sort; was keen and fickle about a multitude of things; had his full share of mischievousness and irresponsibility. For all his charm, he made few friends—his least human trait was a certain detachment from close individual ties. His mother had his confidence more than any other; for the rest, his family and social relationships were friendly rather than warm. He lacked the proprietary sense: "I never saw him exhibit the smallest trace of jealousy, nor did he ever desire to possess any one's entire affection," says his brother. This limitation rather than any peculiar strength seems to account for a certain immunity from sorrow: "He admired greatly, he sympathized freely; but I never saw him desolated or stricken by any bereavement."

Mr. Benson deprecates the generalization which has attributed his brother's accession to the Church of Rome as a saintly yielding-up of the will. He believes that his happiness in his calling was owing to the fact that there "he had found the exact *milieu* in which he could use his will to the best effect." There was never anything ascetic or negative about him. Submission to the spiritual authority of the Church was, to put it crudely, washing his hands of the whole spiritual bother: it left him free for all sorts of activity. And activity was the one thing necessary, as priest, writer, householder—so was it that he finally burned himself out before his time. He died just after the outbreak of the great war; already he had offered himself for service as a chaplain at the front. There is uncommon appeal in the little priestly figure, so busy, so eager about this business of human life, and yet possessed of a sort of elfin remoteness, a child-quality which the years were powerless to touch. At any age he must have "died young." Its frankness and tenderness make of this little record a singularly beautiful memorial.

THE LAST KHEDIVE.

Abbas II. By the Earl of Cromer. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.

The emancipation of Egypt from the domination of Mehemet Ali's dynasty, and the freedom of her long-suffering fellahin from the *kurbash* of Bashi Bazuk extortioners, is, perhaps, the most engrossing story of British colonial policy in Africa. After the refusal of the French to coöperate in 1882, England faced the task alone, and the order evolved out of the Turkish chaos brought a new era for Egypt. The resuscitation of the lost provinces, the subsequent agrarian reforms, mark the triumph as one essentially pacific and administrative; once more Egypt, at once her most ancient and most modern integrant, furnishes Africa with a model in government. For our purposes the history of this original Turkish dependency dates from the founding of the Khedivate by special *firman* from the Porte in 1867, down to the recent deposal of the subject of Lord Cromer's *brochure*, and the elevation of his uncle by the British as the first Sultan of the Egyptian empire.

For an intimate story of the British work of reconstruction we must turn to Lord Cromer's authoritative "Modern Egypt." Bristling with problems, both Asiatic and European, British diplomacy, hitherto characterized as sublimely heavy-handed and unimaginative in Eastern affairs, doubtless learned a lot from the severe and valuable schooling obtained in India. Modern Egypt, endowed with a greater homogeneity than India, may soon articulate for British ears those problems concerning partial autonomy which India is now busy formulating. Egypt, in fine, under the new Sultanate, should provide for the British Eastern dependencies a crucible in which these Oriental ideals may be assayed. Whatever the final fate and status of Turkey, under the new Sultan of Egypt the old Turkish bureaucracy that hampered past Khedives, and was fruitful of misunderstanding and misrule, definitely passes from Cairo, and with it, in a large measure, the subtle and sentimental influence of a Turkish Caliphate.

But Lord Cromer's tale is of yesterday. In the course of this study of the deposed Khedive he remarks: "It is dangerous for an Oriental to base any political calculations on his own estimate of the state of party politics in England." The victim of ill-advised counsel, Abbas II was alternately Turcophobe and Anglophobe. Personally vain and hypersensitive, he never quite lost the mould of his Austrian cadetship, as shown by the Kitchener episode; and the story of his downfall may be ascribed to a persistent misconception of Lord Cromer's axiom. Moreover, the sudden wane of the

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Manchester school, owing to the trying experiences of the Boer War and the blunders in the Sudan, so far as an Oriental foreign policy went, found the Liberals disavowing its pacific doctrines. And this reaction proved the disillusion of advanced progressives in Egypt and India regarding their great expectations of a Liberal régime. Among these, Abbas II was profoundly disappointed: the triumph of Liberal Imperialism shattered whatever vague ideals of autonomy he cherished: the British Proconsul in Egypt had Lord Rosebery's support and confidence.

That this idealism was not symptomatic, that its pseudo-patriotism was the echo of Pashadom and not of the ten millions of the Egyptian people, that the deposed Khedive was the puppet protagonist in the drama staged at Cairo, we must accept on Lord Cromer's unimpeachable authority. None knew better the *camera obscura* of Cairene intrigue: here we have the impartial story of Abbas II's exploitation of Moslem fanaticism in behalf of his ill-conceived cause, of his futile effort to enlist Constantinople under his Anglophobia—indeed, his mission to the Sultan has all the pathos of a forlorn hope. But infinitely more pathetic was the Khedive's failure to let his sincere friendship for Lord Cromer's successor, Sir Eldon Gorst, effect in him a change of heart and conscience. How keenly he felt his lost opportunity is shown by his visit *incognito* to England, when he heard this friend and statesman was dying. In Lord Cromer, however, Abbas II has found a competent and impartial historian; from his Austrian exile, after the war, let us hope that he will repay the distinguished compliment.

Notes

The Oxford University Press announces the publication of "Last Pages from a Journal," with other papers, by Mark Rutherford, edited by his wife.

The Macmillan Co. announces the forthcoming publication of "The Mighty and the Lowly," by Katrina Trask.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co. has arranged with A. Rosenblum to issue a "trade edition" of his "Complete Course in Isaac Pitman Phonography."

Longmans, Green & Co. have arranged to issue in their Pocket Library an edition of William Morris's "The Pilgrims of Hope."

Maxim Gorky's "My Childhood" will be published shortly by the Century Co. For publication in the autumn the Century Co. announces "Straight Down the Crooked Lane," by Bertha Runkle.

Paul Elder & Co., of San Francisco, announce for early publication "The City of Domes," by John D. Barry, and "The Lure of San Francisco," by Elizabeth Gray Potter and Mabel Thayer Gray.

On July 17 Henry Holt & Co. will publish "The Coming Newspaper," a symposium, edited by Merle Thorpe, and "The British and American Drama of To-day—Outlines for its Study," by Barrett H. Clark. The publication by the same house of G. H. Perris's "The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium" has been postponed until July 24. "The Bent Twig," by Dorothy Canfield, is announced for publication in the autumn.

The following volumes are included in Frederick A. Stokes Co.'s list of publications for August: "Flower Pictures," by Maude Angell; "Hero Tales and Legends of the Serbians" and "A History of Serbia," by W. M. Petrovitch; "Bird Biographies," by Oliver G. Pike. In the Romance of Reality series will be issued "The Man-of-War," by Commander E. H. Curry; "The Aeroplane," by Claude Grahame-White and Harry Harper; "Modern Inventions," by V. E. Johnson; "Engineering," by Gordon Knox, and "Electricity," by W. H. McCormick. "Hero Tales and Legends of the Rhine," by Lewis Spence, will be added to the Myth series, and "William the Silent," by Agnes M. Miall, and "Mohammed," by Edith Holland, to the Heroes of All Time series.

The Broadway House has in preparation, for its Library of Scholarship and Literature, a critical edition of "Euphues," containing both parts of Lyly's romance, edited by H. Clemons, formerly reference librarian of Princeton University, and Dr. Morris W. Croll, assistant professor of English literature in the same university. Mr. Clemons, who relinquished the task in favor of Dr. Croll, on deciding to devote his life to missionary work in China, is chiefly responsible for the text. The introduction and notes are by Dr. Croll.

When an essayist, as does T. R. Glover in his "Poets and Puritans" (London: Methuen & Co., Ltd.; 7s. 6d. net), declares in the preface "that the real business of the critic is to find out what is right with a great work of art—book, song, statue, or picture—not what is wrong," we are justified in replying: "If this is your canon of criticism, you must do something more; you must find out what is right in some new way, so that your reader will approach the book or picture with considerably enlarged powers of appreciation." Now, it is just this something more that Mr. Glover fails to impart. He writes from sufficient knowledge and generally with good taste, but it is not easy to see just how, after reading his essays on Spenser and Milton and Cowper and Crabbe and Wordsworth, our power of enjoying those poets has been enhanced; and meanwhile, by omitting all mention of their shortcomings, he has foregone the critic's function of purging our taste and correcting our imagination. In some few cases his own taste causes us to wonder. What shall we say to a critic who seems to see few or no faults in Milton's prose, yet appears to get nothing from "Samson Agonistes" and "Comus" except the fact that the drama was not Milton's proper sphere? The title of the book is of no special significance, save, perhaps, that it prepares the reader for Mr. Glover's admiration for Milton's most extravagant tirades on personal liberty in matrimony and other matters. The prose writers considered are Evelyn, Bunyan, Boswell, and Carlyle. The first three of these essays are well enough, but rather commonplace; in the last Mr. Glover has produced a really good and illuminating essay. We do not mean to say that his treatment of Carlyle is particularly original or overwhelmingly profound; but it has the merit of wise selection and instructive concentration. One feels in it the working of critical brains, and one goes from it to Carlyle himself with fresh zest and renewed assurance of what is there really to admire and what is there to learn.

Issued a few years ago as the second volume of the "Legal and Judicial History of New York," the separate publication of J. Hampden Dougherty's "Constitutional History of the State of New York" (Neale; $3) makes the book available for persons who do not wish to acquire the entire set. Mr. Dougherty has seized the occasion to revise his pages and to add an account of events that have occurred since the appearance of the first edition. The volume is a comprehensive survey of the subject, from the colonial period to the Workmen's Compensation law and the impeachment of Sulzer. Its usefulness to members of the Constitutional Convention is apparent, and it should also appeal to every citizen of New York State who desires a convenient account of its constitutional development.

Fruitlands, as readers of transcendental lore are aware, was a farm at Harvard, a township some forty miles from Boston, where the benign Alcott and certain of his friends started a "consociate" community for the purpose of "aiding entire human regeneration." It was a disastrous experiment, more disastrous by far than Brook Farm, but not without sufficient elements of high comedy to make it memorable, even if Emerson and Thoreau were distantly implicated in the midsummer madness. Fortunately, Clara Endicott Sears's neat volume entitled "Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands" (Houghton Mifflin; $1 net), though written with sympathetic intention, does not miss the humor of the situation—indeed, as it consists mainly of letters and other original documents (some of them now first printed), it could not very well be anything but funny. We see no reason to mince matters. Despite Emerson's admiration for Alcott, that supposed child of Plato was merely a colossal fraud. His daughter Louisa's little sketch of "Transcendental Wild Oats," included in the present volume, is really a terrible arraignment of these men, "who were so busy discussing and defining great duties that they forgot to perform the small ones." The only man who showed a minimum of responsibility to facts was a crank who made the wearing of a beard the first obligation of life. Another of the inspired lunatics sought salvation in nakedness, compromising, however, with his conscience to the extent of leaving his room only at night, and then in the entire respectability of a nightgown. Another member, who based his gospel on the writing of his name backwards, is thus described by one of his fellows:

> Abraham is about forty-two, a cooper by trade, but an excellent assistant here, very faithful to every work he undertakes, very serious, has had rather deep experience, having been imprisoned in a mad house by his relations because he had a little property, but still he is not a spiritual being, at least not consciously and wishfully so.

This "love colony" of wishfully spiritual creatures did not last long. Farming was not successful, when at the critical moment the gentlemen of the community would go mooning off for the purpose of "aiding entire hu-

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man regeneration," while Mrs. Alcott and her children were left to gather in what they could of the crops. These gentlemen soon scattered, each to follow his own selfish whim, leaving for history a little mirth. Yet there are still those—the writer of this amusing book is one of them—who can think of Fruitlands with tender regret:

If that history was full of pathos, if the great experiment enacted beneath its roof proved a failure, the failure was only in the means of expression and not in the ideal which inspired it.

Thus we catch the last wailing echo from that degenerate side of transcendentalism which almost brought discredit on the robuster men of Concord. For how much besides the shams of Fruitlands was Plato responsible when his words, whether misunderstood or not, started the long illusion that our ideals must be a kind of beautiful madness!

In S. C. Chew's study of "The Dramas of Lord Byron" (Johns Hopkins Press) several elements are to be distinguished and variously judged. The book opens with an account of the Drama of the Romantic Period, written from full knowledge of the material, and, on the whole, with sound taste. "This phaenomenon in the world of dissipation," as one of the contemporary critics of the German influence on the English stage called it, is not a thing to be cherished by the lover of intellectual health, but it has an interest as a part of a great movement. Mr. Chew has dealt with these abortive plays so judiciously, in the main, that one is surprised later on in the book to come upon such an extraordinary statement as this: "In a world where all things are struggling through chaos into harmony, nought in which there is life is complete. In death alone is there realization of definite ends. Here is the fundamental distinction between classicism and romanticism. And Byron, in 'Manfred,' and throughout his poetry, points to an ideal truer and nobler than Goethe's, just because it is impossible of accomplishment. Such a doctrine is indeterminate, enormous; but is full of inspiration." We pass by the childishness of the judgment. If Mr. Chew thinks that Byron's philosophy is greater than Goethe's, and that enormity, in the sense of lawlessness, is synonymous with inspiration, that is his own affair; he is entitled, perhaps, to his opinion. But it is otherwise with the failure, here and elsewhere in his work, to distinguish between the classic and the pseudo or neo-classic. That is a question of fact where ignorance is merely discreditable to a man's scholarship. A teacher should complete his education on such fundamental principles before writing on them.

It is pleasanter to turn to an aspect of his theme where Mr. Chew has shown himself more competent. In dealing with Byron's use of exposition and with other technical matters of the sort, he shows considerable knowledge of dramaturgy, and writes with critical precision. And, again, his study of sources, as would be expected, is excellent; for example, he writes with nice discrimination in regard to the precise amount of influence of Chateaubriand's "René" on "Manfred." Nor is the human interest omitted. He enters into the vexed question of the relation of the subject of "Manfred" to Byron's own life, and, by comparison of the drama with the almost contemporary poem, "The Dream," leads to a conclusion which we accept as sound and valuable:

The autobiographical references in "The Dream" are indisputable in their cogency. The poem is a record of Byron's love for Mary Chaworth. Every one admits this. The conclusion drawn from the parallels noted above is therefore obvious. "Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other." Since Mary Chaworth is the Lady of "The Dream," and since Astarte's history is identical with that of the Lady, it follows that Astarte and the Lady and Mary Chaworth are one and the same.

The morbid elements of Manfred, which have been used by Mrs. Stowe, Lord Lovelace, and others to support the monstrous scandal, are adequately explained by Mr. Chew by showing the persistence of the theme of incest through all this romantic literature. On the whole, this study of Byron's dramas is a good specimen of scholastic criticism. As an exhaustive analysis and source-study, it offers a notable addition to that literature designed primarily for the specialist, which goes on building itself up in remote and haughty seclusion. Its stubborn comprehensiveness is likely to repel those true lovers of the book whose reading is a part of life, and not of the classroom.

Not only lucidity and comprehensiveness characterize James B. Morman's "The Principles of Rural Credits" (Macmillan; $1.25 net), an addition to the Rural Science series, but a clear grasp of the relation to the whole complex problem in which our Governmental agencies are likely to stand. Theory is subordinated to treatment of specific conditions and constructive plans. The first half of the volume deals with the methods of financing farmers in Europe, emphasizing the fact that mortgage-credit agencies are there always of a non-profit-seeking character, and are decentralized in organization. The second half considers the various adaptations of European plans proposed here—the gradual amortization of farm mortgages as carried by building and loan associations or by rural credit unions, the issue of mortgage bonds by State land banks, the establishment of funds by the great insurance companies for direct loans, the provision of State funds, and the institution of a Federal machinery for rural credits. Emphatic preference is given to the first expedient. The author properly holds that the field is not one for Federal agencies to enter, as no European Government has ever taken the initiative in establishing a system of rural credits, and as the States can better provide for the problem by the use of State funds for long-term loans. He emphasizes, however, his conviction that organization among farmers must be the basis of success in their credit-seeking, and that it must be accompanied by education in the use of credits. Some discussion of how our slow-growing cooperative associations can be made to develop faster would have been useful, for it is to just this point that the crux of the problem reduces itself.

Students of American colonial history will be interested in two monographic studies recently published. "Church and State in Massachusetts, 1691-1740," by Susan Martha Reed, is printed in the University of Illinois Studies; "Money and Transportation in Maryland, 1720-1765," by C. P. Gould, makes No. 1, Vol. XXXIII, of the Johns Hopkins Studies. The intellectual and religious history of the colonies in the eighteenth century is a most inviting but hitherto little worked field, and Miss Reed, by an exhaustive study of a narrowly restricted problem, has made a useful contribution to the knowledge of the general subject. Her object has been to trace the process by which the Anglicans, Baptists, and Quakers came to possess certain privileges in Massachusetts ecclesiastical law; she tells the "story of the gradual encroachment on the old Puritan system by religious dissenters." Both manuscript and printed sources have been used to good purpose, and the subject is developed systematically and clearly. Apart from the main subject, Miss Reed's study throws interesting light on other aspects of colonial history; notably upon the influence of Whig party politics in determining the attitude of the English Government towards the colonies, and upon the tendency of "irreligious persons," descendants, in the second and third generations, of the Puritan founders, to leave the older towns, "where extreme orthodoxy was the order and social prestige depended upon it," and settle in "the newer plantations of the northern and southern counties where their variations made less stir with the government at Boston."

Mr. Gould's monograph gives a detailed and well documented presentation of the various forms of money in Maryland, and of the system of transportation. The monetary problem in the colonies was a perplexing one because of the persistent scarcity of specie, and the monetary system a complicated one because of the necessity of resorting to various other mediums of exchange. This complexity, for Maryland, Mr. Gould has exhibited with considerable skill. And in particular he shows, as every careful study of the subject in almost any of the colonies is likely to show, that there was a legitimate as well as an illegitimate demand for paper currency; and that where paper was kept from serious depreciation, as was the case in Maryland (and also in New York), its use was highly beneficial both for commerce and agriculture. Studies for the other colonies, similar to that of Mr. Gould, are much to be desired; and much to be desired by the political as well as by the economic historian; for the intimate connection between the monetary system of the colonies and their commerce, particularly their commerce with the West Indies, has a direct and important bearing upon the opposition which the measures of Grenville—the Sugar act, the Stamp act, and the Currency act—gave rise to in the colonies. The relation of the problem of colonial money to the Revolution has never been adequately set forth.

In Robert P. Reeder's book entitled "The Validity of Rate Regulation, State and Federal" (Philadelphia: T. & J. W. Johnson Company), we have a serious and valuable contribution to the now rapidly increasing literature on the law of public service. Whether or not readers of this book agree with all of the author's conclusions, they will be grateful that he has not fallen into the error of presenting a mere digest of cases under the guise of a textbook, and that he gives them the benefit of a scholarly and painstaking attempt to evolve the true constitutional principles applicable to the problems in hand. He admonishes the reader that he "must at least realize that, in view of the state of the authorities, it will be necessary . . . to do more than sim-

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ply compile the results of the gradual process of judicial inclusion and exclusion." Acting upon this admonition, he subjects all rate cases to a critical scrutiny. The result of his analysis, together with "an extensive examination of fundamental principles," leads him to a radical disagreement with far-reaching conclusions embodied in many of the important rate decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States in recent years. In particular, he takes issue with the Court's interpretation of the provision contained in the Fourteenth Amendment—"Nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law."

More than a third of the book is given up to a discussion of the bearing of this clause on rate regulation, with the conclusion that "when the due process provision was placed in the Federal Constitution, it referred simply to those deprivations which are usually made by way of punishment, and that it referred simply to the procedure which must be observed in determining whether the law has been violated." The author admits that the Supreme Court holds that the due-process provision relates not only to procedure, but also to substantive law, confirming to persons certain rights which cannot be taken from them in any manner; among these is the right not to have property taken for a public purpose without due process, from which is derived the right to a fair return for property used in the service of the public. Yet he stoutly and ably contends that these conclusions are not justified by the Constitution; that the reasoning by which they are reached is unsatisfactory and confused, and that the conclusions themselves are as confused as the reasoning by which they are supported. There are interesting chapters on the effect of the commerce clause on the rights of States to control carriers by legislation and on the right of Legislatures to delegate their powers, as well as a very good summary of methods approved by the courts for fixing rates. The footnotes throughout the book are extensive and helpful, being rich, not only in citations of and quotations from leading cases, but in references to legal treatises, articles, notes, reviews, and arguments before legislative bodies.

Our present painful interest in the historic architecture of Europe lends timeliness to a volume of "Sketches by Samuel Prout" (John Lane Co.; $3 net), containing 63 plates in monotone and one reproduction in color from the artist's "Facsimiles of Sketches Made in Flanders and Germany" and "Sketches in France, Switzerland, and Italy," which appeared, respectively, a few years before and after Queen Victoria came to the throne. They are prefaced by an appreciative but balanced essay on "The Life and Work of Samuel Prout," by Ernest G. Halton, which not only emphasizes Prout's distinctive talent for catching the quality of picturesque old buildings, but also discusses briefly most of the sketches reproduced. In addition, it points out the value of these sketches as preserving not simply structures that may suffer injury or destruction in war, but many that have already disappeared or been materially changed by restoration. The drawings need, however, no justification beyond their own appeal.

Science

LORD AVEBURY.

Life of Sir John Lubbock (Lord Avebury). By Horace G. Hutchinson. Two vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $9 net.

In a sense, this biography closes an epoch in scientific thought. Sir John Lubbock was about the last of that group of distinguished men of science who made the Victorian period so notable. The biographies of these men are interesting not only as records of individual attainments, but, taken together, they give us the history of one of the important schools of thought.

The dominant spirit of this group of men was Charles Darwin, who, by the discovery of the law of evolution, gave us a new principle which influenced thought far beyond the confines of a strictly scientific generalization. It was at once seen that the law was an instrument of immense power, giving not only, what is so necessary to the development of science, continuity of action between the present and both past and future time; but it also became a link among the various sciences and between science and other fields of thought.

Thus, this law differed from most scientific laws because it not only needed to be proved by experimental evidence, but also, by reason of its relations to philosophy and ethics, it required a propaganda. Darwin was fortunate in arousing the deep enthusiasm and personal affection of a band of able experimentalists who were in addition keen critics and advocates. Of these, Huxley was certainly the master mind, and he is unique in science as a champion who joined experimental skill with first-rate ability as an essayist. Next to Huxley we may place Sir John Lubbock.

The life of Lubbock, as recorded by Mr. Hutchinson, arouses a feeling of envy. The close friendship and intercourse among the British men of science has only a feeble counterpart in America. They lived within easy reach of one another, and enjoyed a rare combination of scientific and social life. Ability was thus quickly recognized and enthusiastically encouraged.

After leaving Eton, at the age of fifteen, the boy was placed by his father at work in his bank. Lubbock writes in his diary this extraordinary note:

> At the same time, he [his father] did so with the less reluctance, as practically nothing but Latin and Greek, and a very little geography, was taught as a part of the regular curriculum, and as at Oxford and Cambridge the same system was adopted (with, of course, mathematics at Cambridge). Soon afterwards my father's partners both died, and he and I, with a worthy old clerk, carried on the business, so that he and I could not be away together.

Here was a boy of fifteen with the burden of a partnership in a bank on his shoulders, and his only partner was his father, who was much keener about higher mathematics than about finance. From this date began a life which has hardly its equal in activity and variety of occupation.

Several years before this time, when Lubbock was seven years of age, an event had occurred which was destined to exercise a predominant influence over his life. Charles Darwin had come to Down to live, only about a mile from High Elms, the home of the Lubbocks. At this early age, the boy gained the affection and encouragement of the master, and, both by his own ability and by Darwin's teachings, he soon became distinguished as a scientist and made the acquaintance of the leaders in science. How early he obtained recognition is shown by the fact that he was elected to membership in the Royal Society at the age of twenty-two.

As if two occupations were not more than enough for any one to undertake, he was elected to Parliament. In all three careers he worked incessantly. In finance, he instituted new methods of banking, and he is the creator of the clearing-house system; in science, he published many papers and books of a high order of originality; in Parliament, he was keenly interested in many reforms and put through many important bills, one of which, creating the bank holidays, made him famous, and for a long while these holidays were popularly called St. Lubbock's Days. In addition to all of this work, he was Rector of St. Andrew's University, member of the London County Council, an officer in innumerable societies, and he wrote many books which had an immense sale and were translated into an extraordinary number of languages and dialects. It is a mystery how he contrived to do what he did, especially as he always gave the impression of being rather a man of leisure, or at least one who always had time enough at his disposal.

Although he was distinguished in many ways, his name became almost a household word as the author of "The Hundred Best Books" and "The Pleasures of Life." He was an omnivorous taker of notes and he had the faculty of seizing on the books and quotations which would appeal to the best popular taste. As a result, he wrote these books with almost no effort, giving a list of the best reading and maxims, which had a profound effect on the reading and thought of the world. Letters of interest and approval and requests for permission of translation poured in on him from all over the world. One letter, from an Arabian, is worth quoting in part to show the strange influence this restrained Englishman could exert:

> Though only four hours of a night to write it, and, once written, again a considerable number of days of hesitation to depart with it as a "picture of me" destined to fall under the sight of Lord Avebury.
>
> Dear Sir it is a critical moment—but my beats and throbs are as regular as ever. "To be or not to be, this is the question": Whether I should stick to my present post of £10 per 1 moon's revolution, and continue to live on the figures (only ten in shape), I add and register—and die when Death knocks, . . . or bid this routine farewell. . . . Oxford is my goal; a foul or a

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fall; a failer or a fool; I want to know more and become more. I may be hung; I may be stabbed; I may be smashed and ground to earth; but starvation can never be a cause to my death. . . . For work is Nature's kind tiger, and no cruel Humanity can dare mutilate its arm. . . .

Mr. Hutchinson has done his work well. The biography is full and interesting. He has given a very vivid picture of a man of intense activity and of the most diverse accomplishments. There is also the other side of the man, as one who knew every one worth knowing, genial himself, and sought after as a friend. It is undoubtedly the correct picture. At the same time the biographer is impressed with the necessity of counteracting a perhaps current opinion that Lord Avebury was merely a popularizer of science. He insists on the importance of the scientific side of the writer, and quotes many letters from Darwin and others to show that his contributions to pure science were of a high order of importance. And there is also a feeling of pathos aroused because of the absolute lack of leisure and time for meditation which must be the possession of any one who is to obtain the best out of life. Probably Lord Avebury did not attain as much reputation in any one field as he might have done, and probably as he grew older the pressure of his life may have weighed upon him, but, after all, he left behind a record of a singularly fruitful and happy life.

The fact that nearly ten thousand copies have been sold of the Apsley Cookery Book of Mrs. John J. Webster and Mrs. H. Llewellyn (Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co.; $1.40) indicates that not a few persons are willing to take advice on the subject of food, for this book is made up of recipes for uric-acid-free diet. The new edition contains more than five hundred of them, which shows that dieting does not necessarily mean monotony at the table.

In "The Big Game Fields of America, North and South," by Daniel J. Singer (Doran; $2.25), two chapters, dealing respectively with the natural history of the jaguar and the black bear, are good summaries of the lives of these animals. The remainder of the volume deals with the author's account of shooting-trips in British Guiana, Mexico, and Alaska. The rather florid, redundant style and lack of directness and simplicity detract much from the narrative. If the chapters were condensed to one-half their present volume, they would be twice as interesting.

A. Radclyffe Dugmore's "The Romance of the Beaver" (Philadelphia: Lippincott; $2.50 net) would seem to be the final word in the literature devoted to this worthy animal, for, besides his own wide experience, the author has drawn upon the writings of all his predecessors. It is truly a history of the beaver in the Western Hemisphere. Protection is the constant plea throughout, the danger of extermination of this specialized rodent from any further persecution being very great. The habits and really remarkable engineering feats are first narrated in detail, and then the life of a beaver colony is given in the form of a supposed personal history of an imaginary pair of animals followed through a period of several years. There follow a consideration of the effects of the work of these animals as benefiting man and suggested methods for their protection. The beaver as it has influenced Canadian history is presented with graphic early illustrations, and finally the study of the animal as a species. The photographs of the beaver's haunts and works, together with flashlights of the animals themselves, are admirable. As a monograph of a single form it is worthy of comparison with Gurney's recent book on the Gannet.

Drama

NEBULOUS SYMBOLISM.

Plays. By Leonid Andreyeff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Symbolism, in the theatre, to be valuable or effective, must make its meaning clear to the spectator. So much may be stated dogmatically. In these three dramas of the well-known Russian writer, Leonid Andreyeff—"The Black Maskers," "The Life of Man," and "The Sabine Women"—which, on the surface, are romantic fantasies, the first two tragic and the third satirical, the deeper significance is so obscure that the translators, Clarence L. Meader and Fred Newton Scott, wisely deemed it expedient to preface them with an authoritative explanation. This has been furnished by V. V. Brusyanin, a critic of repute, and is both interesting and illuminative. It clarifies the intent of the author, and, incidentally, exposes some of the fallacies of the theory and methods which, as a dramatist, Andreyeff has adopted. M. Brusyanin is an intimate of the author, and evidently speaks as his acknowledged representative.

Andreyeff, he says, holds that external action, as that phrase is ordinarily understood, is not necessary to the theatre. The drama of the future, according to him, is to be "panpsyche," entirely psychological. It will deal solely with the invisible struggles of the individual soul and intellect, will be independent of incident, and, therefore, will be purely creative and true, artistic in the highest sense, and a distinct advance upon the older drama of "Shakespeare, Sardou, and Dumas." The grouping of these three names is sufficiently astonishing, and suggests obvious reflections, but is less curious than the implication that the psychological drama is something new. Are the achievements in this direction of the old Greek dramatists, and their innumerable successors, down to Goethe and Browning, of no account? Is the psychological insight of any of the moderns superior to that displayed in "Hamlet," "Macbeth," or "Faust"? Apparently, Andreyeff, or his interpreter, has confounded form with substance. It is true that the dramas in this volume are composed with entire disregard of the ordinarily accepted restrictions and traditional mechanism of the contemporary theatre. In that respect they show artistic originality. They are not "well-made" plays, according to the pattern set by Scribe or Sardou, but they are roughly fashioned, nevertheless—and inevitably—upon the same old models used by all dramatists for centuries. None of the devices employed, though some of them are variants, is new. Most of them could be traced easily to their originals. That, however, is beside the main point, which is that the plays themselves, so far as their theatrical effect is concerned, are just as dependent upon sensational incident and spectacular effect as the commonest melodrama of thrills. In imaginative intent, they are, of course, far superior to such pieces—whatever may be thought of their dreary, cynical, and fatalistic pessimism—but of what avail in the theatre is a mystical significance imperceptible to the ordinary unenlightened intelligence?

In "The Life of Man," indeed, the symbolism of the Gray Figure, with his slowly wasting candle, is as clear as it is trite, but that is but a small part of the allegory which, in terms of melodrama, is supposed to, but does not actually, illustrate the psychological study. It is in "The Black Maskers," a striking work in many ways, that the futility of excessive symbolism is most clearly demonstrated. Here the gorgeous castle is supposed—quite arbitrarily, for there is no direct reference to it in the text—to represent the soul of man and the guests, real and visionary, the intellectual and moral elements which make up the dual personality of the host. There can be no question of the imagination displayed in the pursuance of the conceit, when the clue to the meaning of it has been given, but, on the surface, all the paraphernalia—the maskers, the revel, the invading hosts, the quenching of the lights, the growing terror, the fire, the duel, the funeral scene, with the surviving half of the Duke contemplating and apostrophizing his dead double—are more or less familiar theatrical expedients, constituting the details of a romantic tragedy, which is not more impressive on account of its mystical interludes, in palpable, but somewhat feeble, imitation of Maeterlinck. In the final act the Duke might easily be regarded, by the uninitiated, as a madman bent upon the immolation of himself, his family, and his vassals, under the delusion that he is the Almighty. There is nothing to indicate that the seeming tragedy marks the final victory of a misguided and aspiring soul over its delusions and temptations It would be difficult to imagine a more striking instance of a symbolism extinguished in its own overelaboration.

"The Sabine Women" is a satirical comedy dealing with Russian politics. No one unacquainted with it would by this play obtain the slightest glimmering of its real meaning. In this case the censorship, doubtless, was the cause of a calculated obscurity, and it would be scarcely fair to take the piece as an example. The other two may be judged squarely upon their merits. Imitative and crude as they are, they bear the impress of natural genius. They show descriptive rather than inventive dramatic power, but it is easy to credit the

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reports of the enthusiasm with which they have been received by Russian audiences. The mystical element in them, combined with the purely theatrical, would explain that. To a more sophisticated Western audience their symbolism, even if it were grasped, would offer nothing fresh. The "Panpsyche" theatre will be only a dream structure if it have no surer foundation than the symbolical personalization of passions and ideas. The old theatre, without the least symbolic intent, has been doing little else for ages, for the simple reason that every word and action is necessarily full of a potential symbolism. This is a truth which the professed symbolists should lay to heart. To hold the mirror up to nature is still the one safe guide for the dramatist, and in his fantastic creative art Andreyeff gets very far from the truth which he professes to reveal. But his plays contain abundant evidence of the literary skill and the keen social observation that have made him famous in the fields of fiction and political essay. J. Ranken Towse.

Art

WAR IN ART.

London, June 25.

There have been many shows in London for the benefit of the various war relief funds and a few devoted to subjects connected with the present war. But the Guildhall is the first gallery to get together a large collection, more or less representative, of "Naval and Military Works"—representative, that is, of the period that begins with Napoleon and ends with to-day. The first impression it gives is that war-time is not the most appropriate or agreeable in which to show war pictures. We have horrors enough to endure without so realistic a reminder. Already, in two theatres, plays that had these horrors for motive have been withdrawn after a short run, though they might have been thought the plays of all others to attract the public, and I would question whether the exhibition of the Guildhall could remain long open were it not for the almost phenomenal success Guildhall shows have hitherto enjoyed.

The second impression given by the exhibition is that war as a motive does not often inspire the masterpiece. Indeed, it is extraordinary how few through the ages the great paintings of war have been. To look back is to think at once of Uccello's wonderful battle picture in the London National Gallery and of Velasquez's Lances in the Prado, but really of not very many besides, and where the old masters have rarely excelled, I suppose it is inevitable that the modern painter should usually fail. The collection includes the works of British, Belgian, Russian, and French artists. If there is nothing by Italians, it is probably because the exhibition must have been organized before Italy had ranked herself with the Allies. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that but little has come from Belgium and Russia. The French, with the amazing energy they have displayed throughout the war, have got together a characteristic series from the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and Versailles. From the British it was simple to collect all the examples that were wanted. And so, if the exhibition is virtually, save for its name, French and British, in these two sections it is so comprehensive that the impression one gets from it is by no means superficial.

The contrast between the two sections is suggestive. The British painter treats his subject in his accustomed British way, in this special instance approaching it from much the same point of view as the picturesque journalist who, for the last eleven months, has been telling "the deathless tale" of British exploits in the British press. He runs to anecdote, overloads his canvas with sentiment, shows us soldiers who keep beautifully clean and neat in the thick of the fight, dispenses with observation, and as long as his story is told and is chockful of heroism, does not bother about such trivial details as color, design, pictorial effect. In these respects the works of contemporary painters are so alike that it would be useless to describe them, and it is curious to see how much better the same sort of picture was painted by one of those early Victorians it is now the fashion to despise, as fortunately can be seen in two long, narrow panels by Daniel Maclise: The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher After the Battle of Waterloo, and Trafalgar: The Death of Nelson, the latter the finished study for the decoration in the Houses of Parliament. In both anecdote prevails, as one expects it to prevail in British art; also, there is the indispensable sentiment in the different figures, the excess of emotion in the meeting of the generals in front of the riddled cottage of La Belle Alliance, and in the farewell of the dying hero, the equal excess of pathos in the faces of the wounded and the cares of the ministering angels, while most of the brave warriors look as if they had come out of a bathtub instead of a battle. Not by any stretch of imagination could either painting be called a great work of art. But in both there is a sense of arrangement; the principal figures in the drama keep the principal place in the composition naturally and without sacrifice of pictorial balance; the groups on either side, tediously overcrowded as they are, fill the space with decorative no less than anecdotal value, and the endless detail is well subordinated to the design; and hard and dry and disagreeable as the color is, it is well considered and distributed. The eye, wearied of haphazard and sensational and violent appeal to the sympathies, finds in the two panels the repose there always must be in the well-ordered canvas.

The portraits are no more inspiriting. A sketch of King Albert, for which the painter —Harold Speed—has recently been to the front, shows less the King who has been fighting in the trenches for months than the King of a fashion-plate. Lord Kitchener by Herkomer, Sir John French by St. Helier Lander, Lord Charles Beresford by Furse are soldiers and sailors not of the battlefield and the battleship, but of the drawing-room. Lavery has painted on a large canvas Mr. Churchill with his body disappearing in unaccountable shadow and melodramatic limelight shining on his head, and Laszlo, on a canvas as large, shows so lackadaisical a Balfour that the lay outsider may well ask what in the world he is doing at the Admiralty. There are only two exceptions, and neither is British, though they are hung in the British section. One is a small half-length of Wellington by Goya, to which it is a relief to come, for Goya painted a real man on his canvas with some feeling for his character. The other is Sargent's Sir Ian Hamilton, which does not lose now on being seen again after so many years, for Sargent in it made no concession to the drawing-room, but strove to express character in his modelling of the spare, well-knit figure inside the red coat and of the curiously shaped head, and the result in his case, too, is a man, a soldier, not a military dummy.

Nothing could be more different from the British collection than the French, both in the attitude of the painters and the quality of their work. Here there is no anecdote but a fearless statement of fact, no sentiment but plenty of observation, no neat stage properties but the downright realization of war and its attendant disorders and brutalities. The French, in these paintings, may not have achieved masterpieces, but they have made records. It is interesting to see the careful studies of the French soldier and his uniform by Charlet and Raffet, the two artists who, in their marvellous little lithographs, created the Napoleonic legend for which they deserve all the credit the French have lavished upon them. And the story of the French army and French art is brought down to yesterday and to-day in the studies of De Neuville, Detaille, Régamey, and Jeanniot. Events have their chroniclers, from Horace Vernet in his painting of the Fight at the Clichy Gate in the Defence of Paris, 1814, and Bellangé's Review of 1800 under the Empire in the Place du Carrousel, to canvases almost fresh from the Salon. The best-known is probably Meissonier's Guide, the peasant showing the way through a forest of Alsace to a regiment of dragoons. It is larger than the usual tiny and more typical Meissonier, but it has many of the same faults. It is photographic in treatment, in the tight rendering of the faces, in the elaboration of the soldiers' uniforms and the peasant's costume, in the minute carrying out of the bare wintry branches of the trees. But it succeeds just where the British painting is so apt to fail. The subject is well placed on the canvas, the waistcoat of the peasant is more than a fact, for it gives the right touch of red in the right place, the long winding cavalcade riding down the narrow way has its artistic as well as pictorial value, and if there is no atmosphere, the whole picture is held together by the well-thought-out arrangement of color and line. The

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painting would fade into insignificance by the side of Uccello or Velasquez, but in the midst of the modern work at the Guildhall, it has an air of distinction.

Gérôme's Execution of Marshal Ney also strikes one at once as the work of a man who knows his business. It is rather empty as a composition—Ney's figure prostrate in the foreground, a high wall stretching across the background, the executioners vaguely seen in the distance—but it has all the unity that a well-carried-out scheme of grays can give it, it is direct in its statement of incident, and technically accomplished. And, again, the technical certainty, the vigor, in Roll's huge Stop There, with the tremendous struggle between the French and German dragoons, makes it seem in London a fine performance, though the chances are that when first exhibited in Paris it did not appear as anything much finer than the usual sound, workmanlike Salon machine. The portraits are few in number. Of the few the most distinguished is the memorable Bonaparte at Arcole, by Gros, from Versailles, the portrait ordered by Josephine, an interesting document in both the history of France and the history of romanticism in French art. As a painting, it is full of the life, the vivacity, the dignity which the British portrait-painter seldom achieves. Altogether, the French work explains so clearly the thoroughness of French training and the technical soundness of French methods that, by comparison, the British battle-scenes and the British anecdotes and the British portraits seem like the naïve experiments of the sentimental amateur. If the grim realism of the French could go further and help to impress upon the world the virtue and advantage of peace, the exhibition, if not a great artistic event, would have had its uses.

N. N.

Finance

MID-YEAR.

The middle of the year is a time when financial markets habitually look both backward and forward, reviewing the economic movement as a whole during the six months just completed, and endeavoring to forecast the movement in the second half-year. Retrospect and prospect of this sort are particularly interesting now, because the past six months constitute, in an unusual degree, a chapter of economic events with a character of its own. In the economic history since the war began, there have thus far been three entirely distinct periods.

The first was the period of world-wide panic, which may be said to have stretched from the third week of July until past the middle of August. In the second period, which lasted from August practically up to the end of December, the Bank of England's gold reserve was more than doubled, half of the $170,000,000 increase being gold sent from New York to the Bank's reserve at Ottawa. During the greater part of that period, New York exchange on London stood at such unprecedented heights as to measure our market's extremely unfavorable international position. Our outward balance of trade fell to alarmingly small dimensions. "Bank pools" were organized to provide against default on New York city's maturing foreign obligations, to regulate the outflow of gold, and to save from ruin the cotton-growing industry, whose exports fell off nearly 60 per cent. from the previous year.

Signs of a very sweeping change were visible before the end of December; but nobody would have ventured to predict what actually followed. Whereas a British commission had been visiting this country at the opening of December, planning expedients to help our markets out of their critical condition, Lombard Street itself was openly admitting, in the middle of January, that the office of the world's money centre had already passed from London to New York.

The wholly unprecedented demand for our grain and flour by Europe, and the unexpected increase in cotton exports (which for the past six months have been 60 per cent. greater than in 1914), raised our export trade and our excess of exports to absolutely unheard-of figures. Exchange on London, which in the autumn had been quoted 10 cents in the pound above the normal maximum, fell to a discount of 8 cents under the normal minimum. New York got back from the Bank of England's Ottawa reserve virtually all of the $100,000,000 gold which we had sent there in the five closing months of 1914. Despite very heavy selling of our securities by Europe, Wall Street witnessed an excited "bull movement" on the Stock Exchange in April.

What have we to look for in the next six months? Just as the situation began to change in the week or two before last year was ended, so there has been a slow but perceptible change in the last few weeks before this present mid-year period. The Lusitania episode and the clash with Germany account for part of this. Proof that the springtime hopes of an early end to the European war were wrong gives some further explanation. The stock market, at least, has lapsed into inactivity, with frequent weakness. Wheat has fallen rapidly in price. The decline in foreign exchange has halted, temporarily or otherwise. This has happened without any of the money stringency which often marks the "mid-year settlements."

In so far as this has been merely reaction from the extravagant enthusiasm of two or three months ago, it is not in the least astonishing. The strong points in our economic situation continue. In our export trade of merchandise there will hardly be a decrease; it should increase, even as compared with the past six months, when the war munitions begin to move out in quantity. Surplus reserves of the New York banks, despite a decrease at the end of June, are $46,000,000 above where they stood at the opening of January, and the resources of the Federal Reserve system have not been touched. Thus far the wheat crop promises as large a yield in 1915 as in 1914, and Europe will have to provide a market for it.

From the economic point of view, the situation remains to an extraordinary degree in this country's favor. The two influences whose possible bearing on the next six months cannot to-day be calculated are the relations of the United States with Germany and the continuance or non-continuance of liquidation in quantity of our securities by Europe. To these considerations must be added the general question as to the recoil on our own markets, if the economic strain on Europe should become much more severe.

No forecast of the immediate future can dismiss these factors. Yet, on the other hand, they were all potentially present six months ago, and are therefore hardly new. Throughout the first half of 1915, the markets took the ground that war with Germany was most unlikely, and could not be a direct conflict at arms if it were to happen; that our new financial resources enabled us to look with equanimity on Europe's re-sale of our securities; and that, in all other respects, we were necessarily removed from the directly unfavorable influence of Europe's financial difficulties. It remains to be seen whether the cheerful views of that part of the year were right, or wrong.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Adler, F. H. Herder and Klopstock. G. E. Stechert & Co.
Hibbon, J. G. The Higher Patriotism. Scribner. 60 cents.
Mathews, L. K. The Dean of Women. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
The Art and Craft of Letters Series: Criticism. The Ballad. The Essay. Parody. Doran.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Reisner, E. H. Religious Values and Intellectual Consistency. The Science Press.
Work, E. W. Obscure People. American Tract Society. 50 cents net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Bowley, A. L. The Effect of the War on the External Trade of the United Kingdom. Putnam.
Dicksee, L. R. Business Methods and the War. Putnam.
Harris, F. Contemporary Portraits. Mitchell Kennerley. $3.50 net.
India and the War. Introduction by Lord Sydenham. Doran. $1 net.
Oman, J. The War and Its Issues. Putnam.
Prenzel, Dr. W. Charakter und Politik des Japaners. Bonn: A. Marcus and E. Weber's Verlag. 80 pfg.

POETRY.

Blair, W. 'Tis Simple Mirth. 1915 and Other Poems. Oxford, Eng.: B. W. Blackwell. 1s. net each.
Johnson, W. S. Prayer for Peace and Other Poems. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Untermeyer, L. Challenge. Century. $1 net.

SCIENCE.

Explorations and Field-Work of the Smithsonian Institution in 1914. Washington: The Smithsonian Institution.

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Griffith, J. P. C. Care of the Baby. Phila.: W. B. Saunders Co. Sixth edition. $1.50 net.
Kellaway, H. J. How to Lay Out Suburban Home Grounds. Second edition. John Wiley & Sons. $2 net.
Smith, E. M. Mind in Animals. Putnam.
Leland, R. D. Barbarians. Boston: The Poetry Drama Co. 35 cents net.

ART.

Morey, C. R. Lost Mosaics and Frescoes of Rome. Princeton University Press. $2 net.

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Hale, C. W. Domestic Science. Part I. Putnam.
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